

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MERCHANT-MARINE QUESTIONS

JOHN BRAILES FORD introduces an article in *Stead's Review*, upon seamen's wages as a factor in international competition, with the statement that 'some officers and engineers of the Japanese mercantile marine are better paid than the British in like service and almost as well paid as Americans'; but common seamen receive 'rates very little higher than the Chinese, about one half the British, and less than one half the American and Australian.'

However, this is true only of Japanese liners operating under Government subsidies. 'On the unsubsidized cargo-boats officers and engineers receive hardly one third as much as on the state-subsidized lines.'

As a result of an elaborate comparison of wage data from different sources, Mr. Brailesford concludes that the average monthly labor-cost for a six-thousand-ton freighter is as follows: Japanese unsubsidized, \$1462; British unsubsidized, \$2250; Japanese subsidized, \$2475; American private-owned, \$2925; American Government-owned, \$3150.

In other words, the average labor-cost of operating an American tramp is more than double that of operating an unsubsidized Japanese tramp. These

totals include the cost of food, which is estimated at about sixty-five cents gold per capita per day on American vessels, and thirty-five to forty cents on Japanese vessels. The eight-hour day is now generally observed in the engine and deck departments on Japanese vessels.

The United States, Australia, and Canada are the only countries now operating Government-owned ships. Our Shipping Board is not intended, of course, to be a permanent institution, while the Australian Commonwealth and Canada have embarked in the business permanently. It is proposed to reduce Canada's fleet from sixty-five to thirty-seven vessels, in order to limit the Government's losses, which were over two million dollars on actual operating expenses, over and above interest and depreciation, during 1921. Australia has a fleet of fifty-one vessels, aggregating 260,000 gross tons. The Commonwealth Government originally designed its steamers exclusively for trade between Australia and the United Kingdom, but it has since instituted several subsidiary services, with neighboring island ports.

The decision of our Shipping Board to maintain weekly passenger-service between New York and Southampton, with steamers of the largest type like the *Leviathan*, seems to have received

more attention in Great Britain than in the United States. The *Westminster Gazette* observes editorially that 'America means business,' and that 'from a political standpoint we might welcome the coming of the Americans, for with their own steamships on the Atlantic they may obtain a sharp lesson as to the folly of tariffs. The United States will never be a dangerous competitor in the shipping world if her boats are to be run with cargo in one direction only.' This journal also predicts that the need of filling steerage accommodations on American vessels will cause our country to relax her immigration restrictions. Last of all, 'the American decision appears to put the seal upon Southampton as the greatest of our Atlantic ports.'

Lieutenant-Commander B. V. Sturdee, writing in the *Saturday Review*, commends Germany for her pluck in restoring her merchant fleet and her ship-building industry after her crushing disasters.

Germany wants all the ships she can build, whereas British owners have more vessels than they can load. And this, unfortunately, is the moment at which a 'Dreadnought' has appeared among the tramps, when the vast majority of our cargo-ships have been rendered obsolete by the perfection of the internal-combustion engine and when, once again, the prize must fall to the country which can build most ships of the new type.

The daily running-cost of a steamship, whether burning coal or oil, is nearly double that of a ship of the same size fitted with the latest type of Diesel engine; if the latter is on the Atlantic trade, and is thus enabled to bunker in America, the cost is still further reduced and is less than half that of the steamer. There must be further considered the extra cargo-space arising from the diminished bunker-area, which increases the earning power of the motor ship by from 10 per cent to 12½ per cent, and also the appreciable time saved during the year owing to the rapidity with which these

ships can be bunkered. The proverbial drawbacks of the internal-combustion engine have been overcome. The 'opposed piston' system has eliminated the chronic trouble caused by fractured cylinder-covers; vibration is a thing of the past, and the engines can be controlled down to under twenty revolutions, representing a speed of about three knots.

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FASCISM IN MITTELEUROPA

THE Fascisti movement in Central Europe is a disturbing influence with which there may be a violent reckoning almost any day. In Bavaria the Cabinet, after declaring a state of martial law to prevent Adolf Hitler and his National Socialists, as this party is called in that country, from starting a demonstration against the Social Democrats in connection with the French occupation of the Ruhr, bowed to the will of that organization, and permitted it to carry out its plans. Fortunately the violent conflicts feared did not occur, because the Social Democrats were loyal to the 'united front' policy of the Cuno Cabinet. That is, they avoided any action that might precipitate social dissension, in view of 'the common enemy in the Ruhr.'

Hungary, as has long been known, is still seething with Fascisti agitation. The movement is led by the monarchist, Stephan Friedrich. The Fascisti are charged with using their influence to invite friction with Hungary's neighbors, and are said to be responsible for several disturbing incidents on the Rumanian frontier. One of their speakers recently declared in the National Assembly at Budapest:—

We shall not rest until the three and a half millions of Magyars who are now ruled by foreigners have been restored to us, as well as the millions of Slovaks, Ruthenians, the Saxons of Transylvania and Upper Hungary, the Germans of the Bánát, and the Rumanians of Transylvania, all of

whom we remember with love, and all of whom long for the great Hungarian fatherland. And we have made up our minds to restore this Magyar nation not only by peaceful means, but by all means.

In both Hungary and Bavaria the Fascisti aim to restore a monarchy, and to put either the old or a new military caste in control.

A similar agitation has started in Austria, where a so-called *Heimwehr*, or Home Guard, has been organized. But in that country, the 'armed battalions' of workmen are stronger than the Monarchist-Fascist combination. When the latter attempted a demonstration in Vienna recently

thousands of workmen appeared in military array, although dressed as civilians, with a red ribbon round their arms, large felt hats on their heads, and with cudgels in their hands. Their discipline cowed the 'Front-Fighters,' who seemed to be quite unprepared for the encounter. Some of them were attacked by the workmen and received a thrashing. The Social Democrats claim to have won a 'moral victory' and shown the young reactionaries that they are neither at Munich nor at Budapest.

'THE WAR ON EDITORS'

WE quote the following editorial note from the *English Review*, where it is spaced to occupy a full page. It is presumably from the pen of Austin Harrison and needs no comment:—

Many people must have learned with astonishment that the *Nation* had been sold over its editor's head to a Manchester group of Liberals. Thus ends yet one more great editor. For fourteen years Mr. Massingham had edited that weekly, had made it the great expression of free Liberal opinion. Mr. Massingham is still perhaps the finest journalist mind writing: splendidly courageous, unswerving on principle, brilliantly sane, unbuyable. Now he too is bought out. He joins the necropolis of the unemployed editors—A. G. Gardiner,

Alfred Spender: the three best writers in the British press. Thus opinion is quashed. Thus Fleet Street is impoverished. The party which Mr. Massingham has served so finely for thirty years—buys him out. England is controlled by finance. Liberalism no longer has a writer.

Rumor has it that the option on the *Nation* is being exercised by Mr. J. M. Keynes, the well-known economist, and a group of Manchester men associated with him; and that Mr. Keynes will take direct charge of the paper the present spring.

SPAIN AND SPANISH AMERICA

CERTAIN writers in Spain and in Spanish America are advocating a Spanish-American Congress on the plan—or as a rival—of the Pan-American Congress.

This project has encountered some opposition, even in Spain, on the ground that it would be fruitless without the participation of the United States. Señor Cano, editor of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, argues that our refusal to intervene in the affairs of Europe will prevent the coming Pan-American Congress from discussing European questions that Spanish America cannot entirely neglect. There is no reason why South America should not act independently in such matters. 'The United States assumes an attitude of superiority in the Western Hemisphere.' But conditions are slowly changing.

To the south of the United States, the population is growing rapidly. Political initiative, self-confidence, and recognition of international responsibilities are also growing. With added resources and power, the Spanish American nations realize better than formerly how closely their interests are bound up with Europe's economic recovery. The most successful Governments of Spanish America are those that have followed an independent course, and have not imi-

tated servilely the institutions of their 'big sister in the north.' Our most progressive political institutions are found precisely in countries that have depended upon themselves, and have begun to regulate their lives in accord with their own origin, environment, and aspirations.

However, Señor Cano thinks that if the United States recognizes the enduring diversity of social and political institutions in the Western Hemisphere, and interests herself again in Europe, she might be represented in a congress embracing both Spain and Spanish America.

An Argentine publicist, José Ingenieros, recently declared at a banquet held in Madrid in honor of the Mexican author, José Vasconcelos, that the people of his country had a very imperfect idea of Mexico because they receive their information regarding that country through North American news-agencies. He used this point to inveigh against 'the disloyalty of Pan-Americanism.' The Panama Canal, he asserted, is no longer the southern limit of Anglo-Saxon influence in the Western Hemisphere. A great peril is 'the progressive mortgaging of our national independence through public loans.' The dilemma facing Spanish America to-day is this: 'Shall we surrender and accept the Pan-American Union, or prepare to battle shoulder to shoulder for our independence by founding a Latin-American Union?' A union of the latter character would have its own supreme tribunal to settle controversies among its members, and its own supreme economic council, to find ways and means to rid them of their debts; and, what is most important of all, it would 'revolutionize the spirit of the people.'

Commenting upon this speech, *El Sol*, an independent Liberal Madrid daily, observes that many of the Spanish-speaking republics in America, es-

pecially those nearest to the United States, are apathetic to such projects, because they consider them hopeless.

But this is no reason why we should not preach this doctrine. National power is a fragile thing. The United States may decline as rapidly as it has risen, through some internal cause. . . . The important thing is to foster an ideal — to be realized when the opportunity comes.

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A VISIT TO MEMEL

A GLASGOW subscriber writes to the *Manchester Guardian* describing a visit to Memel shortly before the Lithuanian occupation. He carried letters of introduction 'to a number of leading people, including the French High Commissioner and representatives of the professional business classes,' who received him courteously and gave him every facility to learn the state of public sentiment.

The conclusion I came to after conversations with all sorts and conditions of people — Memel-Germans and Memel-Lithuanians — of various shades of politics and religion was that even the Lithuanians wished to retain their German nationality, but, failing this being granted by the Allies, they were determined to get self-government. The last thing in the world they wished was annexation to 'Great Lithuania,' with which the Memel-Lithuanians have no more in common than the Celts of Wales have with those of Brittany. As for annexation to Poland, such a thing never seemed to have occurred to them as within the bounds of possibility, and would certainly be bitterly opposed.

This correspondent fancied that the French Commissioner personally sympathized with the wishes of the population. He added that a canvass by the Occupation Authorities last year showed that

of roughly 17,000 children of the rural districts, with a population strongly inter-

mixed with Lithuanians, only 39 per cent spoke Lithuanian as their mother-tongue, while 61 per cent spoke German. It was merely in the case of 400 out of the 22,000 school children under 14 years of age — that is, 1.8 per cent — that the parents desired teaching in the Lithuanian language.



A LABOR PEACE-CONGRESS

THE press gave comparatively little attention to the International Peace Conference of European Labor held at The Hague last autumn. More than six hundred delegates attended, representing, according to their own statisticians, in the neighborhood of forty million organized workers. The Socialists say that the Conference was boycotted by bourgeois newspapers — that there was 'a conspiracy of silence in order to belittle its importance'; and they are disposed to attribute much weight to its discussions.

However, the London *Labour Monthly*, which certainly sympathizes with pacifist programmes and labor achievement, is skeptical.

The official leaders of the Labor Movements of every country met to mobilize the forces of the international working class against war. They met to proclaim the international general strike against war. Did they mean anything serious by this? Their own comments make clear their point of view. 'In one sense,' declared Mr. Henderson, 'the cause of peace will already have been lost if it ever becomes necessary to put the resolution into effect.' 'Our business,' wrote Mr. MacDonald after the adoption of the resolution, 'is not to make grand declarations that if a war came we would not fight — my comment on that is "Wait and see."' But even more than their comments, their actions reveal the facts. The Russian Trade Unions' representatives wished to treat the question seriously and prepared a careful concrete programme of actual steps necessary in order to organize international working-

class action against war — forms of propaganda to be undertaken, method of organizing resistance, establishment of organizations in the armies and navies to cause revolt at the critical moment, establishment of international working-class communications, and so forth. This was a cold breath of reality against the hot-air resolutions of the posturers. To have to discuss it and provide an alternative programme would have been inconvenient. The chairman, Mr. J. H. Thomas, accordingly refused to put the resolution of the Russian Trade Unions to the Conference.



PHARAOH'S HEIR

A COPT physician in Cairo, Dr. Athanassius, has claimed the property discovered in the tomb of Tutankhamen on the ground that he is the descendant of that monarch. He has papyri to prove the fact, and proposes to take the case to court.

The *Manchester Guardian* surmises that if he can produce the right documents 'there will be some long faces at the College of Heralds.' After a pedigree going back three thousand years or more has been established, it will 'hardly seem worth while to bother about family trees rooted no deeper in time than the Norman Conquest.' However, it would be in better taste for a real heir to protest against the desecration of the tomb rather than to claim its contents.

By what right do we disturb the Pharaoh, after he had taken such elaborate pains to secure eternal rest for his body? We may not share the religious beliefs that caused him to set so much store on preserving his mortal remains, but ought we not to respect those beliefs? Is the desire for knowledge about the past so righteous a passion that it may be permitted to override all other considerations? And if it is, how are we to justify the pictures and the articles scattered among people who do not know one Egyptian dynasty from another, who have no real interest in the past, and who gaze

with mere curiosity at this derelict strayed into their newspapers from the dawn of history?

But, in fact, even the most casual follower of the excavations cannot escape some healthy mental stirrings. To have the antiquity and the strangeness of our race brought home to us so vividly, if only for a moment, is an excellent tonic. In supplying us with it, Tutankhamen is more powerful than ever he was while his spirit inhabited what is now a mummy. His empire now extends beyond the frontiers of Egypt.

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A COMMUNIST ISLAND

A JAPANESE contributor to *Politica*, a Rome review of public affairs, believes that the Bolsheviki, in their eastward pressure through Asia, may find one place at least where they will need to make no converts. This is the little island Hatsushima in the Japanese Archipelago. Private property does not exist there. All movable and immovable wealth belongs to the community, and it is forbidden to buy or sell. The people live by fishing and cutting timber. There are some forty houses on the island. It is not permitted to add to their number nor is the population allowed to increase until it over-crowds these houses. When the number of residents becomes too large, the excess is forced to migrate. Apparently this is an institution somewhat like the *ver sacrum* of the ancient Latins. There are no distinctions of rank and class, but the heads of families select a governor from their own number. Japan directly exercises her sovereignty over the island only once a year, during a religious festival when the births and deaths are registered. So far as records relate, the people live in peace and amity.

MINOR NOTES

España, a Madrid weekly of Liberal-Pacifist sympathies, recently published an article upon Rizal, the talented Filipino author and revolutionist, in which the writer described a chance conversation with a Filipino petty officer on the *Utah*, when that ship visited Vigo last year:—

He had never before been in Spain. Cádiz and Vigo were the first ports he visited there. He spoke appreciatively of both, and seemed vividly conscious of the ties that bound him to our country, which, in spite of all, would remain 'his mother country as long as he lived.'

National sentiment among the Filipinos, however, is confined chiefly to allegiance to the Archipelago itself, and expresses itself not only in a demand for independence from America, but also in wider territorial aspirations. Very recently the Manila Legislature inaugurated a movement to acquire British North Borneo, 'which logically forms a part of the Philippine Archipelago,' since this would be a 'step toward the creation of a Greater Philippines.'

Dni, a Berlin Russian daily, relates the following anecdote:—

A lady asked a society curé, at a fashionable gathering in Paris: 'Tell me, Father, who was it that said: "Nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares"?'

'The prophet Isaiah.'

'How long ago?'

'About three thousand years.'

'Three thousand years! And they still consider him a prophet!'

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

[In the Living Age of November 25 we published a German, a British, and an Italian view of the future of Europe. We continue this discussion with a French, a Russian, and a Spanish contribution to the same theme. *André Gide* — not to be confused with *Charles Gide*, the economist — is a distinguished novelist and critic. *Dmitri Merezhkovskii* is one of Russia's foremost modern writers, philosophers, and poets. His greatest prose-work is the historical trilogy dealing with *Julian the Apostate*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, and *Peter the Great*. His book, *The Coming Brute*, written before the World War, contains views similar to those expressed in his present article. *Miguel de Unamuno* is a critic and philosopher, two of whose works, — *El Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida* and *Don Quijote en la Tragicomedia Contemporánea*, — recently translated into French, have a European reputation and deal in a general way with the themes he discusses in this article.]

From *La Revue de Genève*, January
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I. A FRENCH VIEW

BY ANDRÉ GIDE

IF I were teaching geography to a child, I should begin, like Rousseau, with a plan of our garden, with what he could see with his own eyes, and later invite his attention to things that lie beyond his immediate physical vision.

But I should take pains to avoid overemphasizing our little garden's importance in the child's mind. I should carefully teach him from the first what a tiny fraction of our neighborhood our little patch of beans and blossoms forms, how small our neighborhood is compared with France, and what a modest part of the terrestrial globe France herself occupies.

I should not hasten to point out to him what a tiny speck our globe is in the vast realm of space, for fear of discouraging him. I am sure I should not invite his mind to dwell on that subject until I had convinced him that mere questions of magnitude are, after all, of no importance in the matters of the spirit. I should not discourage the idea that possibly all this vast space, this universe of worlds, is designed to

balance our own globe in its orbit, to regulate its rhythm, to temper its climate, to time its tides, in order that we may exist and the powers of the spirit may be manifested through us.

Nor should I discourage the idea that the distribution of land and water on our globe, and its climatic phenomena, have peculiarly singled out Europe as the most fortunate of continents. Ought I to permit him to think that in Europe France is the most blessed of countries? Possibly. But only for the purpose of impressing him with his own responsibilities. In describing Greece and Italy, I should not leave him in ignorance of the fact that our country was still wrapped in the night of barbarism when the ancient world was in the full noontide of its civilization. I should make clear to him that we are not the only heirs of modern enlightenment. I should teach him that the seats of civilization have slowly shifted in the course of history, and may change again; that the area of civilization has broadened, and that when we talk to-day of Western

civilization we do not refer to any single country, but to all Europe.

The civilization in which I grew up was parochial. I knew little of the outside world and prided myself, instead of blushing, at this ignorance. I was too easily persuaded that what lay beyond the boundaries of my knowledge was not worth knowing, and fancied this ignorance was a badge of superiority. It seems to me that the coming generation is more alert, that its interests range farther afield, that it does not fancy, as my generation fancied, that all that is good in the world will come to its door without seeking. It has taken to heart the lesson of Lot's wife, who was turned to a pillar of salt for looking too exclusively behind her. The value of the past for the present generation is the incentive it affords for the future.

To be sure, I am not perfectly certain that our coming generation is just as I describe it. But at least I hope it is. I think it a grave error to imagine that we can know our own land better for knowing other lands less. Personally, I can see that I understand France better and I love her more because I have observed her from afar. We cannot form true images without perspective. We must withdraw from ourselves to know ourselves.

Wishing to apply this procedure to all Europe, and not being able just then to visit China, I thought that an opinion of us coming from that country would be instructive. Therefore I accepted with enthusiasm an opportunity, two years ago, to dine with a distinguished Chinaman, a former cabinet-officer, who had been traveling in Europe for several months to acquire information, and who was doubtless intent in turn upon getting a long-distance view of his own country.

Though the dinner was given in his honor, the guest arrived very late. I

discovered the reason for this when I observed that he merely tasted, out of politeness, the different courses, pretending to eat but really eating nothing. Evidently he distrusted our European cuisine, and had taken the precaution to dine in advance. Though he was fairly familiar with our Western civilization, he did not speak French and so was accompanied by another Chinaman who served as his interpreter. This companion looked less than twenty years old, but may have been past forty; for men seem to grow old slowly in the Orient.

The ex-Minister wished to discuss French literature with me. That was why I was honored with an invitation to the dinner and was seated between the two Oriental guests.

With the arrival of the soup the inquisition began. I was deeply embarrassed, for there was a large party present, and, since everyone was courteously silent in order to hear the Chinaman's questions, the guests were forced to listen also to my answers. At each new question I first turned toward the Minister who smilingly asked it, then to his interpreter who smilingly translated it. I do not know what I answered; but I always smiled first at the interpreter, and then at the Minister when my reply was transmitted in Chinese to him. Anyway, it was a very long and very tedious operation.

I tried to say nothing that could not easily be translated into Chinese, and therefore made most elementary answers. None the less, after each reply, and before asking a new question, the Minister invariably assured me that my subtlety charmed him. All of which added hugely to my embarrassment. I was told that China was waiting breathlessly to hear what I thought of the effect of the war upon Western poetry and art.

I saw that I was lost unless I took the offensive. Therefore, abruptly interrupting the questioning, I requested the interpreter to say to our guest that I was exceedingly anxious to visit China. That was quite true. China has always attracted me. The interpreter translated what I said. The Minister smiled more sweetly than ever, and made a brief remark which the interpreter rendered: 'Hurry up!'

By this time the other guests were tired of listening to us, and began to converse among themselves. I think this put the Minister more at his ease, as it certainly did me. We really began to say something.

Our distinguished guest remarked that China was changing rapidly since the Revolution; that in a very short time a traveler would not find there the things that give his people their real worth and interest.

I wished to know if the Revolution had been preceded, accompanied, or followed by religious changes. The Minister apologized for not understanding. He said the Chinese observe a moral code, but never have possessed, properly speaking, a religion. They are a people conscious of no mystical cravings.

I asked: 'Was the Revolution a spontaneous popular movement, or due to foreign influences?'

'Most certainly the latter,' the Minister replied. 'Young China, which is agitating, revolting, and breaking away from the past, has been infected with Western ideas.'

I said I regretted it, but since I noticed that our guest continued to smile I fancied for an instant that he rejoiced in his country's awakening.

However, he speedily corrected this misconception by saying, 'I am not one of those who wished this. In my opinion nothing can compensate us for the

China that is disappearing. But what can we do? What does it profit us to mourn? Your Western world has scattered all sorts of ferments among our people. Three of your authors in particular have had a profound effect upon us: Dostoevskii, Ibsen, and Shaw.'

I was astonished. Dostoevskii still seems to us Westerners pretty nearly an Asiatic. But Ibsen? And as to Bernard Shaw—what he rebels against and attacks are expressly our Western institutions. How can he interest the Chinese?

I was told that it made no difference what he sought to destroy. The important thing was that he was an iconoclast. The quality that young China revered in him was his irreverence.

I asked the gentleman what had most impressed him during his travels. He said that everywhere in Europe he had remarked on men's faces an expression of fatigue, sadness, and care. It seemed to him that we knew every science except the science of happiness. I admired his tranquil smile as he said this. His eyes shone with a serene kindness that I recall having seen only in the eyes of certain monks whom I used to know at Monte Cassino. His face, his body, his movements betrayed no signs of age.

Our guest then observed: 'Mankind can waste itself with progress, or conserve itself by sacrificing progress. Until recently, at least, China, like ancient Egypt, strove to escape the clutches of time.' He then described to me the dreamy, anaesthetic happiness in which China slumbered for centuries behind the protection of her Great Wall, untroubled by inventions, discoveries, cares, desires, or exorbitant ambitions; seeking happiness in moderation; each person trying to differ as little as possible from his

neighbors, each day contrived to resemble as closely as possible the day that preceded. And he continued:—

‘What surprises me is not that you have preferred wide-awakeness to drowsiness and progress to stagnation. Your civilization has certainly lifted man to a higher material level than we ever dreamed he could attain, and you may think that this is well worth some wrinkles. But what surprises me is that your religion, at least the Christianity that you profess, teaches you the reverse of this. Did not Christ tell you that happiness consists in renouncing the very things in which you glory most and for which you labor hardest? To become little children, as He tells you you must, to draw immediate and constant joy from life, is the very doctrine that we Chinamen follow, which the people of your Western world refuse to recognize, although they call themselves Christians. . . .

‘Do you not think that Europe’s present suffering is due to her practising the precepts of a material civilization and preaching a religion that repudiates material things? How do you conciliate the two? To tell the truth, you do not conciliate them. You live by compromises. The Church is obliged to be indulgent lest she lose her hold upon her children. She must reconcile herself to the progress of the intellect, and thereby she departs increasingly from the pure spirit of the Evangel. But the moment Christianity resigns herself to relinquishing her moral mission,—which our great Sages of the East have taught us comes first,—the moment she imposes dogmas, exacts belief in dogmas, and bids man to subordinate reason to faith, she invites conflict. If reason is in conflict with dogma—and that seems to be the case, for otherwise why lay stress on faith when simple common sense and reason suffice—the Church

must make terms with reason. Lao-tse and Confucius avoided this in advance by founding their teaching on a pedestal that reason could not attack except as an outright enemy; by eliminating the supernatural from their doctrine, so that nothing might estrange morality from wisdom. The result is that in our country virtue and reason go hand in hand; and, thanks to that, the felicity that you postpone until you reach Heaven comes to us in this world.

‘I have traveled widely. I have seen Mohammedans and Buddhists. I have studied in many lands manners, institutions, forms of society, all of which reflect the beliefs of the peoples who possess them—except in case of Christians. I have observed that the religion that bids men take no thought of the morrow, to think not where they shall lay their heads, to help each other, to love each other, to seek not one added inch to their stature, to turn the right cheek to him who has struck the left, is precisely the religion whose followers are the most restless and self-seeking, the wealthiest, the best educated, the most civilized, the most industrious, the most ingenious, the shrewdest, the most rebellious and turbulent, the most eager for personal gain and aggrandizement, the most sensitive to what you call personal honor, the most unforgiving. Do you not agree with me that this suggests something strange, illogical, misleading—in a word, some discord I cannot exactly describe that causes you to fail?’

I ventured to reply: ‘I think that I see the real reason for the discord that strikes you so forcibly. We are so accustomed to it that it no longer surprises us. It is this: without intending to be so, the Christian religion is a school of individualism, perhaps the most efficient school of individualism

that man has hitherto invented.' I knew that I ought to explain more fully, but fortunately he did not leave me time.

'Yes,' he said in a conciliatory tone, 'that is precisely what characterizes you Europeans. Among us, on the other hand, the individual tends to lose himself in the mass. In your country all social forces coöperate to make you individualists.'

We were rising from the table. The Chinaman had refused coffee. I searched my mind for a saying that Montesquieu places in the mouth of Eucrates in his dialogue with Sulla: 'They cost too much to make.' Yes, that's about it. It costs too much — this sad comedy that our Western world is playing now, entitled: 'The Overcultivation of the Individual, or the Sacrifice of Happiness.'

This Chinaman hit the nail on the head. Our Western world is like those of whom the Scriptures say: 'Their heart is divided: now shall they be found faulty.' Our troubles arise from the fact that religion and civilization draw us in opposite directions, and divert us from a consistent course. Unable to do without either, we have made Europe a place of lying and of compromises. Modern civilization, though repudiated by Christian doctrine, has not been able to repudiate religion. Religion, while protesting against the evils of civilization, willingly accepts the benefits it brings. Instead of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, as Christ told us to do, we wish to follow the banners of both. We now reap the fruit of this monstrous alliance. We have seen the nations of Europe slaughter each other in the name of God, in the name of the very Christ who said: 'Put up thy sword,' to the Apostle who had drawn his blade to defend him.

But I preferred not to confide these reflections to a Chinaman. So when he asked me what I thought of Europe I answered that I thought very well of it.

Now you ask me, dear editor, for a definite opinion as to Europe's future. I believe we are witnessing the end of a world, of a culture, of a civilization; that this is a day for questioning everything; that our Conservatives are deluding themselves if they think they can rehabilitate the institutions of the past, for that will be putting new wine in old bottles, and avail them nothing. But you insist: 'What will be the Europe of to-morrow?' You receive different answers from different sources. I think, however, that your correspondents will agree on certain points, particularly this: No nation of Europe will be able hereafter to make real progress by a policy of isolation and independently of its neighbors; politically, economically, industrially — from any point of view you look at it — Europe is courting utter ruin if every country in Europe insists on seeking only its individual ends.

But you have gathered only individual opinions from carefully selected contributors. In making your choice you may have unconsciously anticipated their replies. To tell the truth, Europe's future is not a matter of preoccupation with many people. Consciousness of common interest is only awakened in times of common danger; and hitherto the feeling of danger has only urged the peoples of Europe to fight each other. That has become a habit so firmly fixed that it is almost impossible now for us to see that we may all be ruined together.

The true spirit of Europe is opposed to this infatuation for national isolation. However, it is equally opposed to the abdication of personality represented by internationalism. By being ourselves we best serve the interest of

all. That is true of nations as well as of individuals. But this truth must be fortified by another truth: it is in self-surrender that we find ourselves. However, so long as politics dominate and subordinate ethics, we cannot see that this last truth applies equally to nations. To be candid, political questions interest me less and appear to me less important than social questions;

and social questions seem less important than moral questions. I believe that political problems lead us back to social problems, and social problems back to moral problems. The conditions that we deplore to-day will not be remedied so much by institutions as by reforming the individual — it is with him that betterment must begin.

II. A RUSSIAN VIEW

BY DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKII

It is difficult to be a prophet, and I shall not venture to assume that rôle. But he who knows the actual state of Europe, who has fathomed her past, and who has felt the horror of these recent years, may conjecture whither she is bound, and what route she is likely to follow to that destination.

No nation can develop normally, attain even material well-being, or so much as survive, without a solid foundation of moral law. Peoples that possess the germ of progress cannot live without such a law, and those who have violated it have perished. This law, or rather this correlation of laws, invariably culminates in a religious principle.

Christianity created Europe. The river of European civilization has followed the channel traced by Christian teaching. There is not an ideal or an act in all the history of Europe that has not sprung from Christian doctrine, that has not some relation with that doctrine. Christianity has fructified art and modern science. It has suggested the revolts, the salutary tempests of revolution. From it has sprung, not atheistic socialism, but the social problem, which is an essentially religious craving for justice and universal fraternity.

However, when we seek to incor-

porate ideals and aspirations in physical forms, we involuntarily and inevitably mutilate them. But these distortions are not dangerous so long as the people are loyal to the sovereign law of their collective conscience, which guides their life and invariably leads them back to an appointed course. There is only one fatal danger that can threaten our civilization: that is to lose its vital flame — its moral and religious law.

Human society is a living body. The moment it loses its vital spark, it decays, returns to brute matter, primordial chaos. Now I ask: Is Europe consistently loyal to her sovereign moral law? Does she still realize, even instinctively, that the most important thing of all is to be faithful to the inner voice of her conscience, the divine law not written by the hand of man, but terrible, inflexible none the less — the eternal fountain of all the codes that have ever been written in the course of ages? The sails that the ship of Europe spreads to the winds are broad, but is her helm intact?

I do not affirm anything. I only ask the question. Upon its answer depends the destiny of Europe.

We are surrounded by threatening signs. What was the World War? Never in history has there been a war more frightful or more foolish; for

every event must be judged by the level of its age. Now, relatively to the level attained by European civilization, the so-called Great War was the maddest of absurdities. Did it not prove that Europe had lost her soul, that her vital spark was extinguished? It is no mere chance that the war, once started, has never since ceased. A vague memory of outraged moral law has scarcely been enough to allay war in the body of Europe, as one might allay the violence of a fever.

Such a vague memory does still exist. We continue to pronounce mechanically a yes or a no to moral propositions. But beneath this thin crust of petrified habit there are already seething, scarce repressed, fierce fires of madness that will tolerate no checks, no barriers of right and wrong. Already principles formerly as rigid as steel are bending pliantly under their formidable pressure.

We are told that the Bolsheviks are 'the children of Russia.' No indeed. They are peculiarly the children of Europe, the first-born of the chaos that is surging through her veins. They rise before her and flout in her face: 'Forbidden? Nothing is forbidden. We will show you that everything is permitted.' And they proceed to show her.

'Thou shalt not kill. . . . Thou shalt not steal,' may seem to be recognized still as moral laws, but the voice that proclaims them is growing fainter and lower before the defiance of these creatures of absolute license.

It is appalling that a European nation should have reverted to cannibalism, but it is a thousand times more appalling that neighboring nations should tranquilly permit this horror, intent only upon signing treaties of peace and commerce with these new cannibals, for their selfish profit.

We live for the day; our sense of

historical perspective has been destroyed; we think only of momentary gains. But we are blind to the logical probability that to-morrow we may ourselves become cannibals; we may ourselves tread a soil saturated with blood, where nothing is sacred. Is not Russia part of Europe? Are not the same things sacred in the East as in the West? But it is precisely this profanation of sacred things that stirs Europe to the depths with the seductive thought: 'They have shown that they can do anything. Why should we not follow their example?'

Fine phrases have been invented to veil these secret and unconfessed greeds: nonintervention in domestic affairs, economic considerations, international policy, and all the rest. Is there need of saying that no man who still retains the slightest trace of common sense, of what we used to call but yesterday human conscience, will become a dupe to words like these?

If I insist especially upon the relation of Europe with Russia, it is not solely because I am a Russian, but also because this particular black spot on the sick body of Europe is blacker than all the others. But, for that matter, I can discover nothing comforting in the relations between any European nations. Even where there is no positive hatred there is stupid and senseless mutual blindness and ignoble desire to get the advantage of one's neighbor.

Statesmen always reflect the spirit of their age — more so to-day than ever before. Lloyd George is the prototype of the modern statesman: businesslike, alert, witty, prolix, flexible, vacillating, callous, lacking fine sensibilities, smooth, slippery, evasive. He is an expert at shirking unwelcome responsibility, at shutting his eyes to what he would not see, at diverting the attention of Europe from unpleasant truths to unimportant bagatelles. In

his oily and persuasive speeches he practically confesses that anything is permissible. He applied that principle consistently in practice, and when charged with it made no effort to deny it. Is he not, too, a true child of Europe? Like the Russian Bolshevik, he has sought only his personal advantage — that is, personal power. He has thought only of to-day, and nothing of to-morrow. The only difference between him and a Bolshevik is the thin and transparent affectation of respectability with which he has veiled his acts, while the other bares them naked to the world.

These black spots on the body of Europe are symptoms of the most dreadful malady of nations: moral decay, softening of the conscience and the brain. Her greatest statesmen have spared neither time nor trouble to redraw the map of Europe, but a mere child can see that the Europe they contrived cannot survive. Our leaders pretended to prop up a falling edifice, but their rotten props broke in their hands.

If, therefore, the sole question that really matters — Is the conscience of Europe dead? — must be answered in the affirmative, if the rapid decomposition of Europe is already under way, her future is not difficult to prophesy. Probably flames of war smouldering

beneath her surface will break out again, no matter where. Probably the second World War will not be a long one, but will soon degenerate into civil war. The smoke of universal conflagration will thereupon darken the whole landscape of Europe. Consequently, time-serving negotiations and postponements are not important. What difference does it make how many years or tens of years it may take to consume, ruin, dissipate all that mankind has accumulated by centuries of industry and economy? The reign of the beast draws near.

Yet the issue is not settled. Perhaps it cannot be settled, even theoretically. Great nations do not die without desperate efforts to recover themselves. Europe's destiny is in her hands. She herself has begotten the demon that tempts her — the Bolshevik — the man animal — without faith or law — recognizing no right but that of force — man the beast in a world of beasts. And she is as yet enchanted by this demon, dallying with temptation, slipping more and more into his power. Every year and every day and every hour increase this mortal danger. May it not already be too late? Perhaps Europe, 'the land of holy miracles,' as Dostoevskii called it, is already a cemetery. Perhaps the soul is already dead in the hearts of her people.

III. A SPANISH VIEW

BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

PERSONALLY I can see the future of Europe only from the point of view of Spain — to be more precise, of my own Spain, where I live and for which I live; and my opinion, which is subjective, perhaps springs rather from my sentiment than from my reason. The Middle Ages, to which we seem in so many ways to be returning, were a

period of heresies, while the Renaissance led nations back to the orthodoxy of new dogmas. It is from the Renaissance that we derive our present formulations of faith. Lutheranism, Calvinism, and the rest are heterodoxies rather than heresies.

Heresy was much more common in the Middle Ages, in the very bosom of

the liturgical unity of the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church. For the essence of heresy is mysticism, while Protestant rationalism is the reverse of mysticism.

The most strictly logical, rational, dogmatic, and orthodox intellectual movement of the nineteenth century was the scientific Socialism of Karl Marx, with its materialist — that is, determinist — interpretation of history. Marx rated things above men as if men were not living beings — that is, causes. He predicted a future constitution of society deduced from his idea of economic evolution. He studied the latter primarily under its industrial or productive aspect, neglecting or subordinating its commercial or distributive side. Marx tried to make distribution a corollary of production. He fixed the value of an article at the cost of fabricating it. But the truth is, we do not pay, say, five dollars for an object because it costs five dollars to make it; someone makes it because we are willing to pay five dollars for it. This is very elementary; but failure to take it into account explains the non-success of attempts to organize production on the Marxian basis. Wherever coöperative production has been tried, it has been defeated by the inexorable laws of trade. The fault is not in communal production itself, but in communal purchase of raw materials and sale of products. Commerce is anti-Socialist. A country organized on a Socialist basis is a capitalist country in its intercourse with other peoples. If national Socialism is possible, international Socialism is a contradiction. Ardent international Socialists become protectionists as soon as foreign competition threatens their own industries.

The World War was simultaneously Socialist, nationalist, and commercial. It was fought to win new markets and to destroy competition. The German

Socialists put themselves at the service of the great commercial and military firm 'Germania & Company.' One people tried to dominate and organize other peoples and failed. The spiritual unity of Europe was destroyed, and intellectual intercourse among its peoples suspended. But when we paralyze intellectual commerce, we also paralyze intellectual production. For in the sphere of ideas and sentiments, as in the sphere of material things, production depends on commerce. A nation that cannot exchange its thoughts with other nations ends by ceasing to think.

Russian Bolshevism, which professes to be the last word in Marxian Socialism, is strictly national. It has failed on the commercial side — in international trade. Its Communist industrial organization has been forced to adopt the individualist canons of commerce. The technical director of industry, the engineer, may conceivably be a public functionary. But the great administrator, the mercantile manager, invariably becomes in the end a master, a capitalist.

Nations organized for mastery have always tried to become self-subsistent, to form protected units. This has reacted upon them spiritually, for spiritual and economic policies are interdependent. No nation can live unto itself alone.

The shock of war overstimulated national selfishness. The League of Nations, though it should be primarily a spiritual rather than an economic alliance, will lack a firm foundation until nations abandon their present policy of economic seclusion. But this will be equivalent to renouncing all thoughts of supremacy and hegemony — all the fallacy of racial superiority, and, above all, that pseudo-concept of race that is based on physiological instead of on psychic and historical distinctions.

Viewed historically, a race is a spiritual force, always in process of formation, always moving forward, and not incarnated so much in the masses as in gifted individuals. Race, in its spiritual sense, is embodied in the individual who universalizes and immortalizes it through the commerce of ideas. Mohammed was a trader in truth. Saint Paul was an itinerant merchant of the Gospel. . . . It was in the commercial Holland of the seventeenth century that Spinoza became a great distributor of new philosophical ideas; and it was in another city of commercial traditions, Königsberg, that Kant became a great dispenser of international thought. Going still further back, it was in thirteenth-century Florence, with her flourishing commerce, that Dante discovered the divinity of the human comedy—or the humanity of the Divine Comedy.

We see everywhere in Europe to-day pessimism and despair. Many, like Spengler and his school, believe we are witnessing the decline and fall of Western civilization. Our present despondency is somewhat akin to the belief in the approaching end of the world that prevailed in the early days of Christianity and in the tenth century A.D. It grows with the waning of hope in the future terrestrial paradise that Socialism preached. The masses despair of the redemption of the proletariat in this world. This inclines them to seek redemption in a life to come.

So the pessimism which weighs upon Europe to-day will probably give birth to a new and fruitful religious vision, a new faith. For all faith is born of despair; and this new faith, which will be but the old faith in another form, will give us new standards of conduct, new ethics, a new religion. Do I say new? No, it will be the religion of all

ages, that of the divinity of man. It will be the religion of the infinite and the eternal world of the human individual.

A religious Renaissance—and more specifically a Christian Renaissance—may still save Western civilization. It must necessarily be an evangelical religious Renaissance, for the Bible contains *in posse* all religions that we call Christian. It is possible that Dostoevskii was, as someone has said, the Saint Paul of a new Evangel. Saint Augustine, the African, Latinized Greco-Syrian Christianity by universalizing it anew. Who knows but that Dostoevskii, in rendering Christianity Slav, may not give it a new and world-wide vigor?

Our Calderón de la Barca employs a Hindu theme in his *Life Is a Dream*. Shakespeare says: 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on.' Faith consists in contenting oneself with a dream, knowing well that it is a dream—in resigning oneself to life, which means resigning oneself to death. But it is possible that the human universe, so far as it is but a dream of man, is likewise but a dream of God. History, at least, is the thought of God in human affairs. Our immortality and with it our happiness are dependent upon His continuing to think of us after we have disappeared from this world.

Possibly it will be thought absurd for me to end my somewhat wandering and incoherent observations on Europe's future with a conclusion so mystical and mythical. But every vision that takes actual form is necessarily mythical and mystical. The science of future, if there is one, is mythology. The human race survives; it projects itself into the future; it studies its to-morrows, because it can create mystic myths. Otherwise it would commit suicide.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

BY PIERRE ARTHUYS

[In our issue of November 25, 1922, we printed a criticism of the United States by a French Radical. We now print a second French criticism — this time of a single phase of our policies — from an ultra-Conservative source, as an interesting example of extremes meeting. Paris appears to be the centre of a movement to emphasize the differences between Latin America and the United States, and to prevent a rapprochement between them.]

From *La Revue Universelle*, January 15
(PARIS ROYALIST POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

THE people of North America, intent on profiting by the results of the war, are turning their gaze toward Latin America and the Pacific, where they aim to be masters.

In Latin America the United States is trying to reduce her neighbors to economic fiefs, through the agencies of trusts, financial control, loans, and political intervention. A very efficacious device is to smother them with gold. Nearly all of these young nations need capital urgently and they have always needed it since they obtained their independence. Therefore they have to borrow, and they cannot, to their great misfortune, borrow at home: they do not possess developed assets. Their natural wealth is scarcely scratched. Their manufactures are in their infancy. Their agriculture is backward — at least with the exception of Argentina, Chile, and some coastal districts in Brazil. More than that, the population is sparse and the people do not have enough confidence in their own authorities to loan them money readily. Consequently all these Governments have been forced to seek abroad what they do not have at home.

During the nineteenth century France and England were heavy investors in South American funds. But the war has changed all that. It is

hardly necessary to say that Europe is no longer able to help anybody. England, though somewhat better off than the Continent, has vast colonies and dominions to provide for. Meanwhile, the United States, with practically no colonial possessions, has accumulated mountains of gold, and has become the banker of the world.

So all eyes are now centred on Washington. It is not a question of being loyal to the Latin race, but of surviving and developing one's resources. So the envoys of these Republics are knocking at the doors of Wall Street bankers; and in the sumptuous reception-rooms of American palaces of finance they timidly appeal for loans. Whether they like it or not, the Latins of America must now seek succor from the most implacable enemy of their independence, from the men who threaten to be their masters to-morrow.

The imperialist projects of the great country that has become a sort of combination trust and bank are wonderfully facilitated by such conjunctures as we have to-day. Europe is financially pauperized and politically insolvent. Latin America cannot maintain itself and make progress without foreign aid. Its needs play directly into the hands of Yankee grasping after power. Wall Street bankers lend

money freely because it gives them the key to the door of every one of these countries. The guaranties they exact are most important and often curtail the sovereignty of the borrowing State.

Your Yankee is a hard-headed, practical man, keenly alive to his own interests. So he insists that customs duties shall be pledged — or city revenues in case of a municipality — as security for what he lends. He likes still better to place a man of his own in charge of the customhouses, or even of a nation's treasury. When he takes a mortgage upon the customs revenues of one of these Republics, he has his hand upon the funds that pay the salaries of presidents, cabinets, and the civil service; for internal taxes are hardly known, and in any case difficult to collect, except in the three great Republics of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. Elsewhere customs duties are the main money prop of the Government, and he who administers them has the nation at his mercy.

Therefore it is not strange that the United States is quite ready to grant liberal financial favors to these Republics; for it places them under the Yankee's thumb. Such loans serve to balance budgets, to pay domestic and foreign creditors, and to construct public works.

Administering the customs, standing guard over the goods that leave the country and the goods that enter it, the Americans are indeed economic masters. They can easily show favor to their own products and discriminate against those of foreign countries. Wherever they get control, they boycott our manufactures, for the United States recognizes no friends when it comes to business.

The great bankers of North America have built up a dollar diplomacy of their own. During the last two years they have loaned to national and local

governments and municipalities more than three hundred and four million dollars. Every Central American republic is insolvent except Nicaragua, where the Yankees are in formal possession and administer the customs and the treasury. The President of the Republic and his cabinet officers receive their salaries promptly. Nicaragua's four neighbors, Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, and Costa Rica are in the market for loans, and a consortium of American bankers is now considering their request. Guatemala has just secured a loan of fifteen million dollars, and the Yankees are setting up there a National Bank through which they propose to buy up and withdraw from circulation all the paper money in the country.

Cuba, already a large debtor to the United States, has borrowed fifty million dollars; Haiti, which has been under military occupation since 1915, has received seven and a half million dollars, and the Haiti National Bank has put its assets in escrow with the National City Bank of New York. Colombia, which is in bad straits financially, is receiving four million dollars to meet its emergency expenses, and is asking for eighty millions more. One of its provinces, Antioquia, has very recently borrowed twenty million dollars, and one of the larger cities has borrowed seven million dollars for a water supply, tramways, and other public works, pledging all its revenues as security.

Ecuador, which is suffering from an acute financial crisis, is in the market for thirty-three million dollars. The Standard Oil group is studying the question, but has already made it plain that money can be advanced only on the security of the customs duties. Peru, which has been the target for many unpleasant attentions of late, is borrowing fifty million dollars

and has already pledged her customs revenues. Bolivia has obtained thirty-three million dollars, secured by her most important sources of public income. A North American commission recently left for the capital of Bolivia, to keep watch over the expenditure of this money and the collection of taxes.

Chile has borrowed forty-four millions and is negotiating a new loan of twelve million dollars; Uruguay has received thirteen million dollars, Brazil fifty millions, and the city of Rio de Janeiro twelve millions. In addition, the State of Rio Grande do Sul has borrowed ten millions, and the State of Ceará two millions. Last of all, Argentina has borrowed two hundred and fifty million dollars and is preparing to float a new loan of one hundred and ten million dollars.

All this money has been swallowed up by the Spanish American Republics within less than two years. We believe that this does not represent the last word of dollar diplomacy. We believe rather that it is dollar diplomacy's initial bow, and it is unnecessary to lay stress on the power it gives the Yankees in South America.

The big North American trusts are intent merely upon monopolizing the national wealth of Spain's old colonies. They are to be found everywhere, intriguing — usually by crooked means — for great land-grants, mineral concessions, and contracts for public works.

In Cuba, North American companies already own sixty per cent of the sugar plantations, and the other forty per cent are nearly all financed with American money. In Central America the great fruit companies control immense tracts of fertile land where they raise bananas on a vast scale. They gridiron these plantations with railways that are gradually penetrating the interior. They erect harbor works on the coast

and equip them with their own wireless stations. The whole Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Guatemala will soon be entirely in their possession. The same companies are establishing themselves in Venezuela and Colombia. Others have acquired immense tracts of land on the Pacific coast of Central America, where they raise both crops and dye-woods. Still others have large timber-grants there.

Standard Oil is everywhere exploring for petroleum and believes South America is the greatest untouched reservoir of oil in the world. Ecuador, Peru, Colombia, Bolivia, Central America, Mexico, and Argentina have been thoroughly explored by the representatives of this company, and enormous concessions have already been obtained. The English are their only rivals. Little by little, the Yankees are also getting control of South American mines. Exploring companies like the Uhlen Contracting Company and the Foundation Company have prepared elaborate projects for railways, harbor works, and public improvements of every character.

Powerful banking consortiums are tendering different States and cities money to carry out these works, specifying naturally that the money loaned shall be expended for American materials. So Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, all Central America, the West Indies, and even Brazil and Chile are being developed with American money.

Some of them have concluded contracts of a most disturbing character. In Haiti a trust has acquired a concession to manufacture sugar; to raise cotton, tobacco, rubber, and tropical fruits; to construct public and private edifices; to acquire and develop water power; to construct irrigation systems; to carry out public works of every character, such as building railways, harbor

works, and tramways; to acquire, under whatsoever title it may be, the rights and property of any individual, firm, or association by paying cash down, and with the right to sell or otherwise dispose of any property so acquired. In a word, this company can do anything it wills.

Another recent example is a contract between the Standard Oil Company and the Bolivian Government, whereby Bolivia cedes to the Company for fifty-five years two and a half million acres of petroleum land. But this is not all. The Standard Oil Company acquires the right to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines, wireless telegraph, railways, tramways, waterways, roads, and — whenever Bolivia acquires access to the sea — harbor works; and also any public service enterprise undertaken in conjunction with the Bolivian Government. In other words, Bolivia is to be developed under the control of the Standard Oil and its associated trusts.

American cable companies are no less enterprising and are trying to surround the whole Southern Continent with a network of cables belonging exclusively to themselves. The Associated and United Press are becoming more powerful there. Wireless companies are installing new stations in Central America. Five are about to be erected in Nicaragua and Honduras, able to communicate with New Orleans and with the naval base in Panama. The Tropical Radio Company is erecting a powerful station at Bogotá, Colombia. In other words, the Americans are monopolizing communications and the news service in the countries to the southward.

Naturally all this has also a strategical purpose; for the West Indies, Central America, Colombia, and Venezuela are advance posts for the Panama Canal.

Turning now to statistics of foreign commerce, we find that the United States is receiving at the present time the greater part of the raw materials produced in South America. There is thus rapidly growing up a close interdependence between the Northern and the Southern Continent. To a growing extent the North is living from the South. The United States is becoming the great market for Spanish America.

The Yankees are perfectly ready to grant special privileges to these southern republics. When the Senate of the United States adopted the Fordney Tariff Bill levying enormous duties upon European goods admitted to the United States, it simultaneously approved a provision admitting South American products at much lower rates. For instance, copper, leather, coffee, petroleum, coal, rubber, and silver can enter the United States free. The copper comes from Chile and Peru, the silver from Mexico and Central America, the petroleum from Peru and Colombia, the coffee from Brazil and Colombia, all flowing in great streams toward the United States.

Thanks to the natural growth of business and to the war, the United States has acquired a constantly increasing share of export trade to South America. The interests of the two continents are thus becoming more closely identified. Latin America must live. She tries to disassociate herself as much as possible from the effects of the war. She naturally turns to the most powerful, wealthy and potentially helpful of her neighbors.

There is still another aspect to the situation: the Spanish Americans are invited to attend numerous conferences, where ways of promoting the community of interests and sentiment throughout the Western Hemisphere are studied. In December 1921, a commission was established in the United

States under the chairmanship of Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, to develop commercial intercourse between that country and its Latin neighbors. This is an advisory body which aims to facilitate a good understanding and closer trading relations between the United States and Latin America, and to simplify legislation and customs duties affecting their reciprocal trade. This coming March a new Pan-American Congress will meet at Santiago, Chile, where many questions of still broader compass will be discussed.

The people of the United States have still other ambitions: they are trying to win the friendship of their Southern neighbors by promoting social and intellectual intercourse between the two countries. The study of Spanish is spreading in the United States. Several reviews in that language are published there with the purpose of making better known to her Latin neighbors the wealth, power, and resources of the United States. On the other hand, the young people in Latin America are studying English more than formerly. Student bodies and learned societies from all parts of the Western world are cultivating closer relations with each other. Representatives from Latin America are invited to attend educational, scientific, and medical conferences in the United States.

Last April a Pan-American women's meeting was held at Baltimore, in which Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, took great interest. The ladies from Spanish America who attended were the recipients of a thousand flattering and courteous attentions, and were deeply impressed by what they learned of their North American neighbors. We witness a steady propaganda of Pan-Americanism, as distinct from Anglo-Saxon or

Latin Americanism, and a sedulous cultivation of the idea that Pan-America should disassociate herself from Europe — that Pan-America is a land of liberty and Europe the land of autocracy.

All this explains why the United States is rapidly becoming the sole arbiter of controversies among the Latin Republics. The frontier difficulties between Chile and Peru, and Bolivia's demand for an outlet on the Pacific Ocean have been submitted to Washington for arbitration. Ecuador and Peru are also anxious to have the United States settle their territorial conflicts. Similar issues are pending between Peru and Colombia. No one thinks of asking any other Power to mediate.

In Central America, Costa Rica ventured to take up arms to assert her sovereignty over a little strip of territory held by Panama. After a few skirmishes the United States intervened and settled the matter offhand, without consulting either of the belligerents. The question was decided in favor of Costa Rica. Panama put her national colors in mourning; since, being the creation of the United States, she could hardly defy her maker.

All the world knows that the Governments of all the Latin American countries except Argentina, Chile, and a part of Brazil, are unstable. The United States is not unconcerned in the revolutions that afflict them. American money has played a part in many such disturbances and has thereby created excuses for intervention and eventual subjugation. Most Mexican revolutions have been fomented by Yankee intrigues. The Republic of Panama, as just mentioned, owes its existence to a revolution supported by the Americans. The civil dissensions in Nicaragua, followed by American military occupation, the

seizure of Santo Domingo, the practical absorption of Haiti, the dictation to Cuba that makes it a virtual vassal of the United States, all accord with the fundamental policy of a country that represents itself in Europe as a champion of political liberty.

The latest instance is that of Guatemala. President Herrera was in office in 1921 when General Mangin visited that country to pay the respects of the French Government. It was many years since Guatemala had had a man of equal merit and honesty at the head of her affairs. But three military leaders, one of whom was the Commander-in-Chief of the army, plotted a revolution and forced the President to abdicate. Thereupon the United States, instead of supporting the President, recognized General Orellana, an obscure and unscrupulous adventurer, and even prevented Salvador and Honduras from interfering, when they desired to restore the constitutional President, 'in the interest of Central American peace.'

Some time later the old party of law and order tried to drive out the usurper and restore Herrera. The United States at once took decisive action. Admiral Cole, commanding the cruiser Birmingham of the Pacific

fleet, visited the capital with a guard of American marines, restored order, and presented his respects to General Orellana in behalf of President Harding. Almost immediately afterward, and as if by common understanding, General Orellana asked Congress to authorize him to raise a loan in New York.

So, little by little, all Central America and the West Indies are becoming dependencies of the United States. There is a Pan-American sentiment, but it never will become anything practical except at the instance and for the benefit of the Yankees, and under the auspices of the Monroe Doctrine — that hypocritical charter of North American monopoly that prevents France from exercising her own rights in America, and is but a cover for Yankee imperialism.

It makes little difference whether Democrats or Republicans are in power in Washington. For they do not represent two parties, but two plutocracies. . . . For the American Government now rests upon a monarchy of gold and an aristocracy of finance. It is the prototype of that quantitative civilization that is striving to erect a new form of feudalism in the modern world.

EN ROUTE TO THE URALS

BY GEORG CLEINOW

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, December 5, 6 and 28, January 23, 24
(BERLIN STINNES DAILY)

THE Government of Nizhni Novgorod covers an area about as large as the old German provinces of East and West Prussia. The northern third is separated from the southern portion by the Volga, a thousand yards wide at low water and nine or ten miles wide during the spring floods. Its seven county towns are not connected with the capital of the Province either by railways or by water. So the only way to reach them is by team or automobile — the latter only in dry weather. Many plans have been made to improve communications. The latest of these contemplates the erection of a huge hydroelectric plant at Balakhna on the Volga, twenty miles above Nizhni Novgorod.

One pleasant Saturday the Vice-President of the Provincial Soviet and another official took me on an automobile trip to this point. These dignitaries were formerly ship's carpenters in Gorodets, the county town of that locality, and wished to spend the week-end at their old home. My object was naturally to see the proposed power-site at Balakhna itself.

In order to reach that destination, however, we made a wide detour. As far as Sormovo, the site of the great Russian locomotive-works, we followed a bad highway, roughly paved in the centre. At one time this had been some eighty paces broad, but potatoes and other crops have now usurped its borders. These strips of cultivated land belong to the so-called 'Highway Communes' or coöperative

societies whose members live immediately upon the highway and have no other land. The Government not only gives these people the free use of the soil but also advances them a sack of seed potatoes, or seed wheat, to be repaid after the harvest.

I had an opportunity to observe the working of one of these Communes at potato-digging time. Only those members who had actually helped to raise the crop with their own labor were entitled to a share in it. The local Soviet keeps a record of the hours worked by each individual and divides the crop on this basis.

The distribution proceeded most harmoniously. It is more difficult in case of grain; but the grain is raised, for the most part, by little groups of personal friends and by straw men representing sub-rosa speculators who are in this way able to participate in the profits.

At Sormovo we found the working people on the streets, for Saturday is a half holiday. Most of them were quietly walking about, sitting on benches, or standing in groups, smoking and munching sunflower seeds. Here and there were little circles listening to a story-teller or a dream-interpreter. The town seems to consist of only the big car-shops and one long street. In marked contrast with Nizhni, it has not suffered at all from the civil war. At the entrance to the works is a speaker's stand such as is now seen in every city. Most of the houses are two-story log structures.

Every hundred steps or so along the street is a deep well with a solidly constructed well-house over it. In front of the cottages are pleasant gardens filled with asters and sunflowers. So this factory town, with its thirty thousand workers, has little in common with our smoky hives of industry. In spite of its numerous chimneys and the noise of the great boiler-shop, it still retains the repose and general atmosphere of a Russian country-town.

Beyond Sormovo our road lay for the most part among sandy dunes and scraggly woodland, with here and there a village still showing traces of its former prosperity, but now pillaged and ravaged by civil war.

Balakhna, which up to the Revolution was a county town, had in its pre-war days become a lively river-port and ship-building point whose conservative merchants evidently took pride in their little city. There is evidence of this in the tidy layout of the town, and its numerous old and brightly painted churches. Most of the latter were erected or enlarged by private families, who wished to show their loyalty to the Government and the Tsar, and at the same time to keep on good terms with the patron saint upon whose good offices they relied to help them out of many a tight bargain. Had they built schools instead of churches, it is possible that they would have remained in possession of their property to-day.

Beyond Balakhna the country rapidly loses its industrial aspect. At Chornaia we found ourselves in one of the remotest, unworldly, rustic parts of Russia. The village consists of about a hundred houses. At the village entrance were six communal thrashing-floors, where the peasants were just preparing to stop work. The flails were still beating on one of them. At another the day's labor was com-

pletely finished. At a third, the peasants were carefully sweeping up the last grain into a sack. Chornaia seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of peace and age-old idyllic tradition. It presented a most striking contrast to the tendencies of disintegration and demoralization one sees in the larger towns. Its people had apparently stood still for a century, letting the world march past them—although they live only twenty miles from the nearest railroad.

I noticed a fine old farmhouse built in 1831. Others bore the dates 1864, 1868, 1872, 1874, 1881. There was not an evidence of the conflagrations, either recent or earlier, so common through all this section. Every house that I was able to see had graceful woodcarvings on its façade and at the entrance to its courtyard. On some were carved texts and proverbs in Old Slavic lettering.

I noticed an abundance of excellent building timber everywhere. It was piled up along the streets. We also saw many men at work preparing such timber. New houses and barns were being erected in every village we passed. Even the herdsman had his new bathhouse—the highest ambition of a muzhik's soul.

Naturally this timber is neither purchased by nor delivered to the Government. The best timber, intended for the shipyards along the Volga, was of dimensions suitable for larger structures than villa cottages. The peasants have apparently put the forests to their own service, so far as they have draft animals to haul timber.

Evidently the new Government has not disturbed the peasants in their peculiar method of nationalizing local forest-wealth. This district has been remarkably spared the ravages of war and revolution. It is, therefore, quite

reconciled to the Bolsheviks, although the people do not approve the way the new Government treats the Church. A Communist acquaintance of mine, who is employed in 'tax-propaganda,' remarked: 'If you only know what the people in any village think of their parish priest and act accordingly, you can collect your grain tax easily enough. It is generally best not to antagonize the priest.'

Shortly before sunset we reached the point where we were to be ferried over the Volga to Gorodets. Since there was a long sand bank in the middle of the river, the little motor boat that towed us had to make a wide detour to reach our destination.

Gorodets is a town containing fourteen churches, and stands upon a high bank overlooking the Volga and a broad expanse of beautiful country. Its levee district has massive warehouses, recalling the prosperous river-trade of former days. A long, covered wharf for river steamers and a smaller ferry wharf likewise bear mute evidence of the livelier days of old. All that now remains of this former activity is a depository for the grain which the peasants are required to deliver as a tax in kind. Both above and below the city is a large boat-yard, where several river barges and steamers of different sizes were tied up. When I made a closer inspection the following morning, I found most of these boats in an advanced state of dilapidation, so that they were scarcely worth repairing. It sometimes occurs to me that the only industry likely to thrive in Russia for some time to come is the export of old iron.

Since we proposed to have a typical Russian supper at the home of the chief of the local Soviet, on whose sofa I was to sleep that night, we bought from a bright *Chermis* boy two fine sturgeon, as long as our arm, which

were later served in the delicious chowder known here as *uchá*.

Since the war, the sturgeon fisheries have not been regulated, with the result that this fish is rapidly being exterminated. The Volga sturgeon, or sterlet, is a slender, graceful creature, with a long snout that gives him a superficial resemblance to a swordfish. He is a merry fellow, darting hither and thither in the sunny water, twisting here and there like a playful puppy. Man, the most dangerous beast of prey in the world, has utilized his playfulness to destroy him. Lines one hundred and fifty feet long or more are floated down the river carrying hundreds of little cork bobs, which are tied to them by strings at intervals of three or four inches. The sturgeon enjoy playing with these corks, nibbling at them with their mouths and striking them with their tails, and are eventually caught by clusters of barbed hooks attached immediately beneath them. It is a cruel form of fishing, for, unless the sturgeon is firmly caught, he tears himself loose, leaving a long, gaping wound in his flank.

Sunday morning we took an hour's drive through the forest to 'Lenin Commune.' I had been told wonderful stories of this enterprise at Gorodets, and gladly accepted the invitation of its manager to visit it. My first surprise was to learn that this young man, who was named Pekrovsky, is not a Communist, and that none of his associates in the undertaking is a champion of that theory. So first of all here was a Commune without Communists — more like an agricultural coöperative society. It has been established in the midst of the forest. We discovered that we had reached our destination when we came upon three or four log cabins, each about the size of a tiny peasant bathhouse, on the left side of the road. A little beyond on

the right was a storehouse, and beside it a large barn. Behind the barn was a large vegetable garden, bordered by a long, narrow shed. Beside the shed was a roomy dwelling. Opposite the latter was the manager's log cabin, consisting of one room with an entrance hall. The barn had stalls for horses and cattle, with mangers and other modern arrangements for feeding. Everything was in a condition to delight the heart of a thrifty German farmer. I had the impression that the arrangements had been borrowed from Finland or Sweden.

When we arrived, the whole Commune had assembled, not to meet us, but in connection with some local matter. This gave me an excellent opportunity to become acquainted. The members included three young men belonging to the semieducated classes, two small contractors who had lost their property in the Revolution, sixteen peasants from all parts of Russia, three strapping women, and six half-grown youngsters. In a word, it was a company of adventurers plumped down more or less haphazard at this point, and determined not to die of hunger. These drifters struck up a partnership in April 1918, camping out at first in the open wilderness. Then they built a few cabins, and begged seed potatoes from the neighboring villages. In some way they managed to get a few horses. One, which they picked up apparently dying by the roadside, is now the pride of the Commune.

Indeed, it was in return for his services in reviving this fine animal and bringing him back to health that Pekrovsky was elected head of the Society. His first orders were to build a barn and to take good care of the live stock. Materials were procured from a plundered manor-house in the neighborhood. The local Soviet donated one

cow and one plough. In the summer and autumn, the members did day labor for the neighboring peasants, and the following winter they worked in the woods; and their earnings were pooled in a common stock.

During the four years since the society was organized, only two members have been expelled. Several have left voluntarily. Now the Commune has some fifty acres under cultivation, a large vegetable garden, eight horses, four milch cows, poultry, and upon the whole a good going farm. This last summer it was given permission to move a large manor-house from a neighboring estate to its property. This building had been set up just before I arrived, and is to serve as a clubhouse; for the members of the Commune wish to have separate residences and, eventually, to develop their own farms.

My short visit at this Commune impressed me again with the vigor and initiative of these people when they are left to themselves. There was not a single Communist in this society. Not one member belonged to 'The Party.' They were not serving a theory. They were merely helping each other in a spirit of comradeship to get ahead.

That afternoon we drove slowly back to Balakhna through merry-making villages. Monday morning all the young men had to report for military service at the barracks, so Sunday was devoted to a farewell frolic. In every village square there was music and dancing — the balalaika and the harmonica. The village beauties were dressed in their best. Everywhere I saw blond, blue-eyed children — healthy, sturdy, straight-limbed little folks. In a word, here was a sound, peaceful, harmless people, enjoying life. We met only one 'comrade' on the trip.

Five men stand praying in the lofty pilot-house of the Alexander Griboedov. One of them is the commander, a slender, erect figure; the other four are broad-shouldered, comfortable-looking Russians, who wear thick overcoats despite the burning sun. Their prayer ended, the pilots of the Alexander Griboedov cross themselves thrice and make three deep obeisances. The commander shakes hands with each one, steps to the lever, and sounds the steamer's siren. The gigantic side-wheeler casts off and starts on her long voyage to Astrakhan.

I observe this incident from the decks of the Fiodor, where a similar scene was repeated a few minutes later. And this in 'Godless Russia,' where every holy picture has been banned from public conveyances!

My letter of introduction to the Director of the Volga-Kama River Transportation Trust gave me a Government cabin. My ticket bore a special inscription saying: 'Unoccupied berths not to be allotted even in case of crowding.' So I could settle down comfortably for my journey to Perm. It was a pleasing prospect after the strenuous weeks behind me. I bought an electric bulb for two million rubles after learning that it cost a million rubles a day to rent a bulb from the steamer. The latter would have meant paying thirty per cent of the cost of my passage for light, since the fare for the whole distance — more than eight hundred miles — was only fifteen million rubles. Last of all, I purchased several pounds of white bread, butter, ham, and eggs, and, tipping the porter hastily five million rubles, bade farewell to Nizhni.

A Volga journey is not exactly a pleasure excursion in these days. Irrespective of other things, it seems very monotonous to the average variety-hunting Westerner. But it is a

restful trip for a man who is not disturbed by the noises of loading and unloading at night landings. In the old days, I am told, special steamers for invalids plied on the river, floating sanitariums, though I imagine they were beneficial only to patients blessed with a good digestion. At present the Volga steamers are of little use to business men, on account of their irregular schedules. For instance, we were due at Kazan Tuesday noon, but did not reach that point until eleven o'clock at night. We arrived at Perm Sunday morning instead of the previous Friday. Still the trip is very interesting to a man who wishes to study Russian life at the present time.

The Fiodor started her petroleum engine at 2 P.M. on September 11. From the high bank on the right there looked down upon us the walls of the Nizhni Kremlin, the Hunter's Lodge with its red gables, the magnificent villas of former rich merchants, millers, and shipping magnates, and the big radio-station. Hundreds of laborers gazed at us from a steep declivity where they were repairing a road in anticipation of the arrival of Commissar Kalinin. On the left bank stretched meadows, sand, thickets, and then meadows upon meadows. As we dropped away from the wharf, the bluffs rapidly retreated on the right, making room for the Pechera Cloister with its extensive buildings and park. Then followed four hours' monotonous travel before the banks again rose to low bluffs, a hundred feet high or more, that continued until we approached Kazan. On the left bank were wide stretches of forest, gay in their many-colored autumn foliage, and numerous villages indicating a dense population. Bright-colored church-towers were constantly visible. We also passed a beautifully situated hospital embowered in the foliage of its extensive grounds.

My traveling companions were at first hard to place. All of them were poorly clad, but upon close observation I learned to distinguish among them: the better educated were always the raggedest; the best clad were former workmen, now in the Government service. Moreover, the expression and the manners of the latter indicated a certain settled position in the world.

My green tourist-suit, which I bought in Berlin fourteen years ago for the equivalent of fourteen dollars, made me look in this company like a magnificent profiteer. The crew, with the exception of the captain, were the most sordidly clad of all.

As I was preparing to sit down by a window in the social hall, to eat a little lunch, I saw one of the better-clad gentlemen steering toward me with obvious indications of delight. He clasped my hand, shook it, bowed repeatedly with a deep Oriental salaam, again clasped my hand, and finally managed to tell me that he recognized me as a German. He was a Turk from Constantinople and was overjoyed to see a real German. I must be his guest while on the steamer; he was my humble servant; this was not so much a personal compliment to me as to my nation, which had defended Turkey so valiantly during the war.

My new acquaintance proved to be an ardent partisan of Enver Pasha. He refused to believe that Enver was dead. Time flew as we compared war experiences and discussed the political and economic problems of the present. At length, however, a view as enchantingly beautiful as any that the Orient can offer silenced us. A flashing light in the distance first caused us to look out. It came from the spire of a slender shining tower, which reflected the beams of the rising moon behind us. The river was a half-mile wide at this point, and we were crossing

diagonally from the left bank to the right. In a few minutes the silver moonlight fairly flooded the river's surface and mingled with the myriad hues reflected from the sunset in an undescribably delicate symphony of colors.

A broad beach of white sand bordered the broad ribbon of water. From it rose snow-white walls terminating in vivid red and green roofs and chased silver domes and crosses, gilded here and there by the reflections of the sunset. In the background, like an ebony frame, lay the even border of the black forest. It was Makarievo, one of the oldest cloisters in Russia. A person viewing it sees at once where Russian painters and peasant artists get the color combinations for their pictures, chests and lacquer work.

As the steamer drew nearer the left bank and the cloister, the darkness descended so quickly on the heels of twilight that even as we gazed upon it the vision vanished like a *Fata Morgana* in the mist.

While we were still meditating silently upon the departed beauty of the scene, the steamer made an abrupt turn toward the right bank, where we could see moving lights at a landing. We were leaving behind the broad pasture lands through which we had been winding and were entering the northern limits of the black-soil district. The whistle blew, chains rattled. We crunched and ground against a landing platform. There were shouts and orders. Hardly was the boat made fast before a gray stream of perspiring passengers slowly made its way from the main deck to the bank — nearly a thousand men, women, and children with their baskets, bags, and packs. Fully another thousand were jostling and crowding beyond the gates. Happily these were not all intending passengers. Many were apple-vendors.

Makarievo was one of the chief fair-towns of Russia more than a century ago. To-day it is the centre of a great apple-raising district. The fruit is wonderful — moderate in size, the meat shot through with red, the flavor sweetish-sour. Hundreds of cases, each weighing two hundred pounds, were taken aboard. Passengers and crew

also purchased private stocks, the former for personal consumption, the latter to trade along the route. The next morning the passageways and deck space were littered with baskets and boxes, and the entire vessel was fragrant with apples. My Turkish friend bought liberally, and sent a dozen of the best ones to my cabin.

MEMORY PICTURES

BY RENÉE FRACHON

From *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, February 1
(PARIS LATIN-AMERICAN-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

I. BAHIA

A PURPLE evening. Bahia 'l'Africaine' appears resting on its hills at the head of a deep bay.

Slender coconut trees, avenues of colonial villas, colored cubes of houses with rows of regular windows ranged closely side by side, numerous church towers — countless church towers!

Brilliant colors blending in a thousand undertones.

At evening, the lights of Bahia twinkling through the warm, moist darkness of the tropic night. Lighters with brown stevedores slumbering exhausted on their decks. Tall masts almost touching the railing where I lean. The hot murk of the languid night. The rhythm of rippling water between the lighters and the steamer.

II. RIO DE JANEIRO

A sultry morning in the Botanical Gardens. Plants bursting with sap, paths of rose-colored earth, spicy scents.

I pick up fallen fruit. It perfumes my hands with fragrant odors. Great white butterflies, drifting lazily past like slowly falling blossoms. A dusky alley of thick bamboo. A glorious avenue of tall, straight coconuts, which seem to have sprung to their full height with a single leap.

A bay dotted with picturesque little islands. A sailors' chapel on a promontory. The deserted beach of Icarahy on a stormy evening. Slender, bright-red barques, under the sombre sky. Warm drops of rain drumming on the sand. I look up and let them strike my face. But the storm grows violent. We take refuge in a little hut, where an ancient weather-beaten fisherman receives us with the grace of a gentleman to the manner born.

Rain in the forest of Peineiras. Tree ferns, lianas, dark ravines where vegetation struggles against its own suffocating luxuriance. Broad, fleshy

leaves, brilliantly varnished by the passing shower.

III. URUGUAY

The broad plains of Uruguay in the amber April that is autumn here. The vintage season, great black and rose-colored muscat grapes, whose crisp skin crackles under my teeth. Swarthy laborers picking heavy clusters. Dashing horsemen, their silver stirrups inlaid with gold, in white ponchos, broad sombreros, with long, flowing scarfs fluttering over their shoulders, shout a greeting to the rhythm of their horses' hoofs, and speed on. Gardens of pink laurel and red hibiscus. Grand avenues of eucalyptus, silvering in the sun, their trembling foliage outlined high above us, against the blue vault of heaven. Peons singing in the vineyards, or after sunset improvising rustic chants to the accompaniment of their guitars. A vineyard festival.

Approaching sunset at the mouth of the Maldonado, I breast the wind to ascend the dunes. Clouds of tawny-golden sand, vast deserts, clusters of flax. In the distance, endless brown meadows with herds of half-wild grazing cattle. Not a house, not a farmstead. Occasionally in the distance a lonely horseman, visible a moment on the sand and quickly vanishing behind the dunes. Gulls circling and shrieking overhead.

A corral, maddened cattle charging hither and thither, white-clad horsemen galloping in pursuit. Whirling lassos, savage steers led back to the herd. From a distance the plain seems a vast encampment of nomads settled for a day among the fig trees of Barbary. The lowing of thousands of cattle, the grace of the horsemen in their white ponchos and flowing red scarfs. From all directions, far and near, parties

arriving to buy and sell cattle, which defile in endless processions along dry dusty trails.

IV. CHILE

A gorge of the Andes. An Indian boy, lasso in hand, driving in front of him a herd of half-wild goats. A narrow trail. He makes way for me. *Buenos días*. A smile, and we gallop on together.

An Indian youth of fifteen years, long, narrow, alert eyes, a brown poncho over his shoulders. He hums to himself a native song, the type of song I know so well — *coplas* — plaintive love songs that the Gauchos improvise.

We skirt a cliff of rosy granite. The declining sun tinges with pink hues snowy declivities far above, and glaciers on giant Aconcagua in the distance. A chaos of mountains. Far below us a dashing stream, a tiny, glittering line drawn through the landscape. The peaks grow purple. The horses neigh as we approach the stable. Good night, little companion with the stern, handsome face.

V. PERU

The route from Mollendo to Arequipa rises by dizzy grades above the ocean. Mountains with loftier mountains behind them, ochre yellow close at hand, purple and rose-colored in the distance. *Medianos*, half circles of fine sand that the sun tints pale blue, and the lightest breeze displaces. An azure haze lies over the high, burning plateaus. Shimmering mirages. Between two precipitous reddish walls a stream murmurs among the trees. A narrow green gorge. On the canyon-side Indian huts clinging in the clefts of the rocks.

Bell towers of Arequipa. Bell towers everywhere. A colonial city of Spain and an Indian town. Arequipa of Peru.

The Spain of Charles V, crouching at the foot of the triangular crater of

Misti — a white cone framed by lofty snow-clad peaks. Arequipa, an oasis hidden in the heart of the arid Andes, a city by the providence of God. The sun floods with a glare of light the Plaza Principal, its pink arcades and towering cathedral. Narrow, shaded streets, where long files of burros pass. Bright-tinted houses, green patios, rococo churches; old faubourgs of convents and gardens lying beyond a stream that precipitates itself with torrential haste from the snowy declivities above.

A fête day. Women in black mantas gracefully kneeling in the cool cathedral. Children on burros, halting a moment before massive open church-doors to make the sign of the cross. In the squares, flowers growing between the flags. Palm trees nodding over a fountain, where meditative Indian women in bright-colored shawls sit in deep contemplation. Sunshine everywhere, an Arab languor. A land of listless *dolce far niente*. Stations at the little

churches of olden days, concealed in the corners of silent streets. One bears on its walls a coat of arms — a heart pierced by two arrows.

Arequipa at night. The tinkling sound of a fountain, broken by bronze cathedral-bells slowly tolling the hours.

Lake Titicaca. A full moon. On the beach a narrow pirogue of rushes bound together. I indicate by signs to two drowsy crouching Indians that I wish a boat ride by night. A couple of coins change hands. We are gliding over the lake of the ancient Incas. Puno and its scattered lights drop away behind us. Solitude, except for the silent Indians. The moonlight illumines every detail of the bay and the neighboring mountains, whose height seems diminished by the altitude of the lake. In the distance, islets — tiny heaps of rock. Are these the famous islands of the sun and moon? The Indians cannot tell me. What matter? Let distance and mystery embellish them.

RAINFALL AND CIVILIZATION

BY COLONEL H. DE H. HAIG

From *Discovery*, January
(LONDON SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY)

It is about one hundred years since Malthus startled and shocked the world with his theory that the natural increase of the population must overtake the land surface of the earth on which it lives, because one is growing and the other is fixed and limited. The population is still growing, but it has not yet overstepped the numbers which can be supported. There are still large

empty spaces, though unfortunately most of them are almost, if not quite, deserts.

If we take an atlas, the first thing that strikes us is that the deserts are not where they might be expected to be, that is, in the hottest part of the earth, on the equator. The Sahara, for instance, is far to the north of the equator. There, on the contrary, we

find hot and steamy climates like Stanley's Rain Forest of the Congo, the Amazon Region, and the East Indian archipelago. The true deserts lie to the north and south of the equatorial lands, forming roughly two rings round the earth, north and south of the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. This points to some general and world-wide cause, which may be the circulation of the atmosphere at the equator under the sun and the descent of the currents which form the trade winds.

The sun heats the air in the belt between the tropics and in consequence it expands and rises. When it reaches the higher atmosphere it rises above the surrounding air and has to overflow to the north or south. This rise and consequent expansion chills it, and the moisture condenses and falls as the well-known tropical rains.

The air thus chilled, dried, and pushed forward, flows over the warmer air beneath, gradually sinking on account of its greater density, until it reaches the surface of the earth in the regions just outside the tropics.

When it meets the surface the air is very dry, so that it greedily absorbs what moisture it encounters. If the surface be the sea it becomes a wet wind like the rainy southwest winds of Europe; but if it first impinges on the land, it dries up the surfaces and causes the deserts which extend roughly in two rings round the earth, and which seem to be continually tending to extend their boundaries.

Beginning with the Sahara, we have Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Baluchistan, the Indian desert of Bikaner, and the Gobi. The belt continues in the same latitudes in North America in South California, Arizona, and New Mexico. Similarly in the Southern Hemisphere we have the Australian desert, North Chile, part of

Peru, the Atacama Desert, and the Kalahari in South Africa.

It is a significant fact that it is in these regions, obviously the very best parts of the earth's surface in ancient days, that the great nations of antiquity appeared — Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Phœnicia, the Hittites, Crete, Egypt, Carthage, India, and China, and in the New World the Aztecs and Incas. All of these flourished in lands now suffering from insufficient rainfall, but which with abundant water easily yield two crops a year.

There seem to be three stages through which countries pass: —

(1) The rich and productive one, when the rainfall is abundant at all seasons, crops are certain, grazing is ample throughout the year, and in warm climates several crops can be raised.

(2) The irrigation stage, when the rainfall is insufficient or badly distributed. This necessitates the laborious lifting of water from rivers or wells, the leveling of fields, the terracing of hillsides, lengthy canals, and multitudinous distribution-channels.

(3) The desert stage, when rains, rivers, and wells gradually diminish, crops are increasingly uncertain, and the country becomes derelict.

Practically the whole of the lands covered by the ancient empires come now under the last two headings. They are deserts or require irrigation; but when they were first settled they were no doubt in the primary stage of ample rainfall, for with the whole world open to him, man naturally would first choose the best places.

The centres of our modern civilizations are situated in countries in the first stage. They have sufficient rain, and irrigation is only resorted to locally and on a small scale. Is it not probable that no country which does not also come under that category can stand in

the forefront of civilization? Unless it is sure of ample rains and certain crops, such as those obtainable in North Africa, parts of Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Persia?

There are many lands where the soil has gone out of cultivation. We blame the inhabitants for neglect, as in the old Turkish Empire. But are we right? Is it not possibly the want of sufficient rainfall which interferes with cultivation? The Turks are often accused of causing the decay of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, which were so fertile that their rulers became the richest of men, like Cræsus, or the most gorgeous, like Sardanapalus and Mahomet the Magnificent. For centuries after the Turk had made himself master of these then most desirable territories, he lived in wealthy splendor as Caliph at Bagdad.

What is the reason for the decay of the Mohammedan power? Is it not at least possible that the region from which it drew its wealth, food, and human material gradually dried and slipped out of the first stage into the second? His energies were not equal to fighting drought and famine as well as human enemies, his base failed, his wealth disappeared in a few hundred years, and he fell from his high estate to make way for those in the north whose base was more secure.

The evidence that our deserts were not always the barren wildernesses which they now are is overwhelming, especially so in the case of the Sahara, which has been much explored by the French since they assumed a protectorate over it. A few years ago a traveler called Fisher, an official of the Niger Protectorate, crossed it from Tripoli to Lake Tchad, a distance of 1100 miles, along an old abandoned caravan-route. He very nearly died of thirst, but won through with the greatest difficulty. He states in his book that at every halting-place he

found stone buildings, wells, walls, and paved roads, some of which were undoubtedly of Roman origin. He climbed over mountains 4000 and 5000 feet high, snow-covered in the winter, and his camels ploughed through miles and miles of sand-dunes that 'were only the dried alluvium of vanished rivers, accumulated in places by the prevailing winds.' The country passed over was sand here and there; but most of it consisted of a network of water-worn valleys, some of immense size and length, in the hollows of which were the scarce oases and wells which enabled him to live.

In Roman days North Africa was a vast granary, divided into provinces such as Cyrene, Carthage, Numidia, Mauritania, and so forth, all of which possessed numerous large wealthy cities. Gibbon says that there were three hundred such cities in the district of Carthage alone. To-day all have disappeared, but scores of ruins of towns and vast aqueducts with forests of broken arches dot the plain, and rear their lofty walls as though they were the huge graves of a vanished civilization. At one site all has been covered by sand except an enormous amphitheatre, towering alone in the hot shimmering desert air, which once vibrated with the groans of gladiators and the applause of the crowded arena. Now it is only the haunt of the lizard and the scorpion.

There is an old Arab saying that 'once you were able to walk from Mecca to Morocco in the shade.' Those trees are now represented by fossils, which are still to be seen in Egypt standing or lying in their natural positions, but turned into stone.

The danger zone has already spread to the countries near the Sahara. Spain, it cannot be denied, has suffered from the vicinity of her dangerous neighbor. She was one of the richest provinces of

Carthage and later of the Roman Empire. She was most prosperous in the Middle Ages under the Moors, and in the palmy days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Now she has reached the second stage. Most of her forests have disappeared — the effect, or it may be the cause, of the drought which necessitates irrigation of her parched slopes to produce good returns.

A trifling fact will illustrate the change. The Mediterranean coast of Spain is believed to have been the original home of the rabbit, which was brought to England by the Romans. We know how it flourishes in Britain to-day; but its ancient habitat no longer produces enough succulent herbage, and in consequence it has almost entirely disappeared there in a wild state.

France has not suffered so much, being farther away; but there are not wanting indications that the climate there has also dried considerably since men have occupied the land.

Italy also, being farther away, has not suffered so much as Spain, but she has begun to irrigate, and only lately opened the longest aqueduct in the world, in Apulia. Also it is evidently the failure of moisture in the Apennines that prevents the enormous production of wool which made Florence for centuries the centre of the cloth trade and the banking house of the world.

Sicily has sadly deteriorated. Once the garden of Europe, the coveted prize possessed by twelve nations in succession, and the granary of Rome, she now grows lemons and oranges by means of irrigation, and maintains a limited existence. She is no longer a prize to be conquered by the dominant race in the Mediterranean. Her uplands are deforested, either the cause or the result of drought, now so acute that sometimes for a whole year scarcely a drop of rain will fall. When Verres

was the Governor under the Roman Empire, he made a corner in grain — the first on record — in the Roman market, by checking the sailings of the grain ships from Sicily.

Mesopotamia was once the most fertile region on earth. Its possession gave the wealth that made the great kings Sargon, Xerxes, Nebuchadnezzar, Darius, Cyrus, and many others down to the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid of Bagdad. Its first setback was when Hulagu — a descendant of the terrible Genghis Khan, whose empire was the largest ever known on earth — deliberately put the population of Bagdad to the sword, at the same time that he cut the canals and irrigation system, compelling the people to resume their old nomadic life. Settlers on the land, in his opinion, were very inferior to herdsmen and wanderers. Now the water of the two rivers — Euphrates and Tigris — has fallen so low that there is not enough for both navigation and irrigation. Enormous sums would have to be spent to restore the fertility even if it were possible. The sources of the rivers of Mesopotamia have been deforested, and, as they lie in Turkish territories, the present owners could not be expected to co-operate and spend their money and energy for the benefit of another people and another government.

Persia is the next desert country to which we come. One of the oldest empires in the world, it achieved wealth and civilization many thousands of years ago. It was a conquering power at the dawn of Greek history and a menace to its neighbors. For four centuries it fought the Roman Empire for the rich prize of Mesopotamia, inflicting countless defeats on them, and once capturing a whole Roman army and the Emperor Valerian himself. Why has it decayed? Why has it now such a sparse population where once

there were cities such as Persepolis and Susa, nearly as big as London? The curse of drought has fallen on it and it only exists by irrigation.

In the centre of Asia is a group of deserts known generally as the 'Gobi,' though locally there are many other names. Sven Heydn and Sir Aurel Stein have done much exploration in them. Both report the existence of extensive ruins, temples, shrines, inscriptions, documents, mummies, and dried-up rivers and lakes. The difficulties of travel were so great owing to the absence of water that Sir Aurel Stein was only able to proceed in the winter, in the Lob Nor desert, because he could then load his camels with lumps of ice and by this means could spend a month at a time away from the water supply. He found there a dried-up inland river-system, leading to a lake bed without an outlet, and now quite deserted. It was the cradle of the Chinese race, from which they were forced by drought.

The true Gobi is supposed to have been the home of the Huns, against whose raids the Chinese, 2000 years ago, built their famous wall, the largest work of man, which to this day faces the desert for 1000 miles. In the north of this desert was the city of Karakorum, the capital of the empire of Genghis Khan, whence his armies commanded the whole of Asia, conquered the Crimea, defeated the Poles, and laid the Russian Grand Dukes under tribute. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, visited Karakorum in A.D. 1260; but he does not seem to have had any difficulty in crossing the Gobi, which therefore could not have been a desert at that time — that is, if we can trust his veracity.

It would be tedious to go through the whole of the earth's deserts; enough has been brought forward to show the sameness of their history. They have not always been deserts, but have

generally at some time supported humanity, in many instances very large and civilized populations. It seems as if there must be some cause, affecting the whole earth, reducing the available quantity of water, and gradually turning the fertile portions into uninhabitable regions. If so, what is the cause? Can it be met and neutralized in any way?

It is plain that in the making of the earth it received as its share a definite quantity of water, which can never be added to. (The products of combustion appear to add water, but really the actions of breathing and fire only cause the return of what has been abstracted by the processes of life.) But can this quantity be reduced? That is the point, and the answer is that both its total amount and, worse still, its available quantity can be very seriously reduced in several ways.

(1) A glacial period, for instance, would lock up an immense quantity on the tops of the mountains, and reduce the amount available for rains.

(2) By chemical action a great deal of water is withdrawn into vegetation and into the rocks forming the substance of the earth.

(3) It may be broken up into its constituent gases and lost to the earth as water.

(4) Water may sink into the earth farther than it now goes and be out of reach of man and of the sun, which now raises it up into clouds and distributes it as rain.

The most dangerous cause of reduction is the last. It is admitted that the earth was once very hot, spinning in space and surrounded with masses of various vapors as Jupiter now is. As it chilled a crust formed, on which water condensed when it was cool enough. The seas collected in the hollows and, being very hot, evaporated rapidly, causing torrential rainfall which

carved the surface into mountain, valley, and plain. None of the water could penetrate the surface, because it was so hot that it was driven out as steam. Thus the whole of the moisture was on the actual surface or in the clouds.

As the earth cooled, water was able to penetrate the surface more and more, following the heated core as closely as the temperature would allow. The whole crust is permeable, though not equally so. All rocks and strata hold water to greater or less degree. It is not possible to sink a deep shaft for a mine without encountering water, as we know to our cost, for it has to be pumped out at great expense. It is common knowledge that, if a mine is not worked, it is soon flooded.

We are thus irresistibly forced to the conclusion that we are in the midst of a gradual progressive drying-up of

our earth, due to causes almost entirely out of our control, which has already destroyed a great deal of the best parts of the earth's surface and now menaces the rest, and which must sooner or later put an end to our race and all other life on the world.

Though the world is drying up, mankind can probably delay the process, if the nations will work together to this end. Our nearest planetary neighbor, Mars, is apparently in worse case than we are, having reached a more decrepit stage of stellar existence. There, according to Professors Schiaparelli, Lowell, and Pickering, life exists, but it is only made possible by irrigation on a world-wide scale. Whether, when the earth reaches this stage, there will be a struggle for the water sources or not, is a problem that the future only can solve.

THE FRENCH NOVEL OF TO-DAY

BY PIERRE MILLE

[M. Pierre Mille is a well-known French writer who has been publishing a book every other year since his De Thessalie en Crète appeared in 1897. He has written several books on the Congo, a number of novels, and, as he says himself, 'hundreds of tales which I, being the most negligent of men, have never collected into a volume.' Some of these merry little pieces have been translated in the Living Age.]

From the *Observer*, December 31, January 7, 14
(LONDON MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL WEEKLY)

To be right in the swim and to be borne along with the stream are not the best conditions under which to form an estimate of the course of the current. I am honestly of opinion that a well-informed Englishman would have the likeliest chance of achieving the best essay on contemporary French literature, and a well-informed Frenchman

the best on contemporary English literature.

I can only promise to endeavor to form as just an appreciation as possible, and to be as objective as I well can. But I must warn the reader not to expect from me a bibliographical record, so to speak, of the French novel for the last quarter of a century. My sole aim

will be to point out the leading tendencies of French fiction since the opening of the present century, and to note a few of the leading works in that department of literature which have made a name for themselves, either because of their intrinsic worth and interest, or because of their special significance, which may even transcend in importance their worth and interest. For a book that has left its mark, that opens up a new path, may occasionally fail as a literary achievement, or may even appear not to be of a nature to engage the interest of a wide circle of readers.

The most obvious characteristic of French literature in the case of fiction — though not as regards the drama — for the past twenty years is a revival of idealism, and even at times of a kind of spiritualism that is scarcely distinguishable from Catholic teaching at its purest.

Naturalism as a literary school would seem to be dead in France. There is not a single writer left who professes to belong to it. Not that naturalistic novels — or at least those of Zola — are no longer read. But Zola's novels are read only abroad, or, if they are read in France, it is, curiously enough, exclusively among the less-educated classes. Ask any bookseller in Paris whose customers are of the middle class, and he will tell you that he does not sell ten novels by Zola in a year. But in the Bastille or Ménilmontant quarters another bookseller will tell you there is always a demand for Zola.

The explanation is that among middle-class buyers of books the greatest readers are women, and the coarseness of language and the indelicacy of the situations in the work of Zola repel women, and to a fairly considerable extent also men. Moreover, the materialism of his social problems, as well as their purely democratic atmosphere, is no longer in favor, for the middle

class has become spiritualistic in theory and reactionary in practice. The state of society described by Zola, on the other hand, continues to resemble that known to the masses, whose tendency in France is to gravitate toward the lower middle class both in town and country. The somewhat elementary simplicity of the social ideas of the author of the *Rougon-Macquarts*, and the rather heavy boldness — which is not, however, without some sort of grandeur — of his spacious canvases, therefore appeal to the new public who have been taught to read in the primary schools. It is also among this public of the lower and lower middle classes that are found the readers of Maupassant, an author somewhat neglected now by the more educated classes.

The psychological and society novel, with the aid of Paul Bourget as well as certain women writers of remarkable talent, — Mme. de Noailles, Gérard d'Houville, the daughter of the poet José Maria de Heredia, who has since become Mme. Henri de Régner, Marcelle Tinayre, Colette, and Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, — is now building up a vast and brilliant school on the ruins of the naturalistic novel.

Gérard d'Houville's *L'Inconstante* is a work quite as remarkable for its passionate feeling and insight as the *Visage Emerveillé* of Mme. de Noailles. M. Charles Maurras has very justly remarked, in the *Avenir de l'Intelligence*, that romanticism, by appealing more to feeling than to reason, has produced at the hands of women, as was to be expected, its finest late autumn fruits. This is because, in the analysis of the passions, the feeling and sensual life of women remain intimate, sincere, and, therefore, lyrical. Colette, even up to her last novel, *Chéri*, in which she is more feline and subtle, also more highly strung, displays dangerous and singular

charm. And it may be said that Marcelle Tinayre, Lucie Delarue-Mardrus and Myriam-Harry have the gift, somewhat rare among their sex, in France at least, of writing works that are not exclusively 'subjective,' in which something more than the exaltation of their own personality is to be found.

MM. Gilbert de Voisins, Jean de Tinan, Marcel Boulenger, André Beaunier, and Edmond Jaloux, with their varied talents, are pleasing, incisive, and witty. Finally, in a novel by M. Paul Bourget, even though he be hampered, not to say checked, by his Conservative and Catholic doctrinairism,—it is that excellent critic M. Paul Souday who attributes this fault to him,—there is always to be found, along with a theory, *an idea*—which is not quite the same thing; for the author of the *Disciple* is a thinker of a very high order. But it is important that this should be noted: up to the time of the war the French novel, considered as a whole, if no longer naturalistic, had in its treatment of individual life and social phenomena remained essentially 'pessimistic.'

Indeed, this is what differentiates it more particularly from the contemporary English novel, which is naturally much more optimistic, even when—as is pretty frequently the case nowadays—it adventures into a criticism of morals.

People are inclined to attribute this pessimism of the French novel to the dejection following on the defeat of 1870; but they are wrong. It dates from before that time, from the last years of the Second Empire. And, moreover, the defeat of Waterloo, which involved consequences far more serious for us,—as serious almost as the defeat of 1918 for Germany,—did not make pessimists of the early romanticists—neither Hugo in *Les*

Misérables, nor even Balzac. Let who will question it. Balzac's heroes are conquerors as optimistic as Napoleon I. The pessimism of the French novel during the last three quarters of a century is to be traced to causes other than the Capitulation of Sedan.

And the first of these was the profound disillusion consequent on the failure of the splendid humanitarian dreams of 1848. As a reaction against the latest optimistic works of Hugo and Michelet, writers plunged into realism and 'Art for Art's sake,' with a preconceived contempt for human nature. Secondly, the low birthrate of France was then already to some extent, and is now to a far larger extent, responsible. A nation among whom there are more middle-aged and old men than youths is no longer a joyous people. And finally I believe this pessimism is also to be attributed to the ever-growing importance devoted by our literature to 'sex,' to the depicting of the passion of love considered in its sexual and physical aspect. For, viewed from that standpoint, love is a melancholy passion: it brings to the heart and lips a feeling akin to bitterness and despair, and nothing bears this out more than Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, which has exercised so powerful and enduring an influence on our literature.

The *Fleurs du Mal*, moreover, amply proves that sensual pessimism is able to give birth to literary works of the first rank. Another example is the *Pêche-resse* of M. Henri de Régnier, one of the most powerful and most finished of novels, but, in spite of a style brilliantly polished, coarse almost to brutality, permitting itself great freedom in some of its situations, and endowing some of its characters with a cynical display of vice. None the less, it is a masterpiece.

And is it not apparent that this is the case also with Anatole France? This great writer, the only survivor with

Loti of the great galaxy of the nineteenth century, — comprising Flaubert, Renan, and Taine, — who would seem to belong to no special epoch, so essentially a classic is he — he too is a thorough pessimist. No one is more strongly convinced, and no one has proclaimed it with more incisive irony, that human nature is essentially bad, and that man is a vicious animal. To this extent — and the statement might surprise him if anything could surprise a radical skeptic like him — this fine old pagan genius, this philosopher who no doubt believes himself to have succeeded to the mantle of none other than Lucretius, has remained truly Christian, for he neither thinks nor writes other than as a firm believer in original sin.

Pursuing our inquiry as far as the limits of these articles will permit, it remains to be seen — and it is rather a curious phenomenon — how the consequences of the war, notwithstanding that thirteen hundred thousand households mourn their dead and despite the anxieties born of the economic situation, have brought about to a certain extent a reaction against pessimism.

The reaction against naturalism drove the contemporary French novel back upon psychological analysis, and perhaps into ideology more than into idealism. There it encountered a pitfall which it has not always succeeded in avoiding; it developed intellect rather than feeling, while remaining pessimistic, as during the naturalistic period. It ran the risk, therefore, of losing in feeling and breadth of sympathy what it gained in precision and subtlety of observation.

Previous to Rousseau, our literature of the eighteenth century had suffered from the same evil. It is also met with in some of our psychological novelists, and they then require all the resources of their intellect and talent to spare the reader the impression of absolute bald-

ness. Such is the case with M. Abel Hermant, the remarkably shrewd anatomist of the *Courpière* series, afterward of the *Coutras*, of the *Renards*, of *L'Aube Ardente*, *La Journée Bièvre*, and *Le Crépuscule Tragique*. Others do not even succeed in this, and for that reason I shall not name them.

And yet, so strong has the worship of intellect and close analysis become in France that we may consider it a special dispensation of Providence that our wonderful Loti began to write and to make his mark some forty years ago, at a time when the views of writers and critics on the subject were less exclusive. For Loti never made any pretensions to what we in France understand by 'intelligence.' He was content, greatly to his credit and fame, to be a marvelous instrument of feeling. Had he appeared later he would probably not have triumphed so easily, in spite of the melancholy and sincerity of his pessimism, which assimilate him to the general standard.

Sufficient proof of this may be found in the comparative silence and indifferent success encountered by two novels which would at any other time have been placed in the foremost rank by virtue of their intensity of pathos, their poetry, and their note of pity, tenderness, and sympathy — I mean the *Nono* of M. Gaston Rouporel and *L'Histoire d'une Marie* of M. André Baillon, works which I cannot recommend too highly to English readers who are not repulsed by the unbridled expression of a sensuality from which our French novels are rarely free.

An exception, however, must be made in respect of *Maria Chapdelaine* by Hémon, which has gained readers by the hundred thousand, has been translated into nearly every language, and which displays, though in a slightly lower measure, the same qualities. But it must be remembered that *Maria*

Chapdelaine is not only a chaste work, which may be put in the hands of anyone, but has religious tendencies which have enabled the Catholic press to recommend it. On the other hand, the exquisite Charles Louis-Philippe, so emotional and original in the expression of his feeling, has not met with the number of readers his merit deserves.

I said at the outset that it is already twenty years since the naturalistic novel died or was in extremis. This may have been something of an exaggeration, although necessary to make my meaning clear. As a matter of fact it has continued to live by developing in the direction of the society novel, with Rosny the elder (*La Charpète*, *La Vague Rouge*, and, earlier still, *Le Bilatéral*) and Paul Adam (*Le Trust*). From a literary point of view the case of Paul Adam is extremely interesting. There is no writer more fertile, more teeming with ideas, more ambitious to portray everything and to present a comprehensive picture of contemporary society. And yet, with these perfectly novel and wholly modern conceptions, he holds fast to the medium of the symbolism in which he had steeped himself, and of which he had been one of the inventors, at the period when symbolism succeeded naturalism. It is perhaps owing to this contrast between the form and the substance that he has not succeeded in obtaining quite the place he deserved.

As for Rosny the elder, his vast culture and encyclopædic interests have carried him from the society novel to the prehistoric novel, as in *Vamireh* and *La Guerre du Feu*, and to the scientific novel, in which latter sphere he is, it would appear, the rival of Wells. But in reality the scientific culture of Rosny is deeper than that of Wells. Before everything Wells is a socializing moralist; for him the scientific thesis is only a starting-point. With Rosny the

scientific thesis is the very heart of the work.

As will have been seen, it is somewhat rash to try to set up schools and distinguish tendencies when one has notable writers to deal with, whom it would be impossible to classify or assort. A proud, lofty, and individualistic nature like Henri de Régnier must always stand apart. It is impossible to allocate to any special group the author of that admirable and wonderful work, the *Pécheresse*, of which I have already spoken, and of *La Canne de Jaspe*, *Les Amants Singuliers*, *La Double Maîtresse*, *Le Bon Plaisir*, and *Les Rencontres de M. de Bréot*. His aristocratic and varied talent carries him by turns toward something that might be termed the analytic novel treated with dignified imagination, or toward historical fiction.

The same may be said of Pierre Louys, whose *Aphrodite* and *Le Pantin* were such a success. A reconstruction of Greek life? Hardly — a species of sensual poem, rather. And M. Marcel Prévost himself, he too cannot be classified, unless we label him a feminist novelist. But he is above all a novelist who achieves real novels, and works them out to perfection.

When the very modest writer who pens these lines published *Bernavaux*, certain critics, without any malicious intention of course, dubbed him 'the French Kipling.' Thus he was crushed beneath a weight of honor which he does not deserve. And this for a very simple reason: apart from all question of relative talent Kipling was a genuine colonial story-teller, an Anglo-Indian who finds his subjects in the country of his birth, whereas in France, until quite recent years, — with perhaps one exception, that of Marius and Ary Leblond, natives of the island of Réunion, the authors of *Le Zézère* and *La Sarabande*, — there existed merely the ex-

otic literature of the tourist, which is an altogether different thing.

Yes, colonial tourist literature — with genius in it — are the novels of Loti on Tahiti and Senegal, narratives of a naval officer who, after all, only saw things from his ship! And so with the tales of Bernavaux, written by another city-dweller known to me. Colonial tourist literature again are *Le Sang des Races* and *Pépète le Bien-aimé*, those delightful works of Louis Bertrand, another city man of whom chance for a few years made a professor in Algeria. Colonial exotic tourist literature, finally, are the works of Farrère on Indo-China and Japan, and so too are *Les Conquêteurs* and *Le Chef des Porte-plumes*, those powerful and even brutal works of Robert Randau, although their author, at least, as an old colonial official, has a more intimate acquaintance with that of which he writes.

But for the past few years this is no longer the case. To the Réunionists, Marius and Ary Leblond, — whose last novel, *Ophélia*, has a special merit of its own, — may now be added some Algerians 'of Algeria,' whose talents are essentially of the soil: Magali Boissnard, whose *Maâdith* and *L'Enfant Taciturne* deserve to be read; Lecoq and Hagel, whose collection of tales, *Broumitch le Kabyle*, presages the birth of a truly Algerian literature. Here we have certainly a new and valuable asset.

To some extent the colonial and exotic novel met the requirement of the reaction against realism: it took the reader abroad. But during the ten years that preceded the war the idealist movement gave proof of the power it has developed by works of an entirely new character. André Gide, who in *Paludes* and *L'Immoraliste* had shown himself to be purely an intellectualist, — outstanding enough, however, to make him the leader of a school, —

produced that beautiful and sad tale of the crisis of a Protestant soul called *La Porte Étroite*. About the same time appeared, in Péguy's *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, the *Jean-Christophe* of Romain Rolland, a work of unequal interest throughout its many somewhat loosely connected volumes, but full of matter, broad in sympathy, and with a singularly fresh tone both for our day and for France; full of enthusiasm, internationalist, and — what distinguishes it from all the rest of the literary output of the time — in no sense pessimistic; on the contrary, quivering with confidence — a man among human kind; Wagnerian one might almost say, though the writing is occasionally rather dull and loose. His *Annette et Sylvie*, which has just appeared, is in the same vein.

Although the author is by birth a Catholic, one would be justified in saying that *Jean-Christophe* is Protestant in its inspiration. But, while it was asserting itself, the idealist trend of our contemporary fiction assumed, in part, a tone distinctly spiritualistic and subsequently Catholic. There is now in France a Catholic literature with a richer output of works, whatever may be their value, than at any other period of our history.

The idealistic revival certainly contributed to the development of the national or nationalist novel, of which *Colette Baudoche* and *En Service de l'Allemagne*, by Maurice Barrès, remain the most brilliant examples. It might be said that in appearance they are the very antithesis of Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*, which is deliberately and decidedly 'international.' Yet, if we go to the root of things, we find in the nationalist novel of Barrès, as in the international novel of Romain Rolland, the same concern to get away from the passive pessimism of the naturalistic and the purely psychological schools; to take as their inspiration some gener-

ous sentiment, either of national hope, or, on the other hand, of European reconciliation, which appeals to the heart of its readers and not merely to their intelligence — in short, the quest of a common bond of feeling at once ideal and vast.

One of the most curious results of the war from a literary point of view will have been to leave these works with merely an historical interest, apart from the unquestionable merit which they retain — particularly those of M. Barrès — as works of art. For on the one hand — Alsace-Lorraine having once more become French — the question they deal with is out of date; while on the other Germany has been so altered by her defeat that to-day it would perhaps be difficult to find there the mental characteristics of a Jean-Christophe. This is at any rate less impossible than it would seem at a first glance.

The nationalist movement in literature, for various reasons, — one being that it is opposed to an international and deliberately anticlerical Socialism, — is rather intimately associated with the spiritualistic and Catholic movement, as is shown by the novels of M. Henri Bordeaux, which, generally speaking, are as nationalist as they are Catholic. The sources of the Catholic novel are tolerably ancient; they are at least to be found in the early developments of romanticism under Chateaubriand. Even Balzac declared himself a Catholic, although his Catholicism was strongly suspected of heresy. I would not swear that his works are not on the 'index.' This could not be said of those of M. René Bazin and M. Henri Bordeaux, or of those belonging to the second period of MM. Paul Bourget and Francis Jammes.

The case of M. Francis Jammes is rather singular. A woman writer who was in love, and who had just written a tolerably poor novel and knew it, once

said to me: 'Don't you see, love does n't help my talent!' So it has been with M. Francis Jammes. His piety has not helped his talent. The delicate pagan author of *Clara d'Ellebeuse* and the *Roman du Lièvre* has not recaptured that delicious vein which makes his early works a feast for the epicure or, for that matter, for everyone. His conversion has not helped his talent. It is only the more meritorious on that account, if he only considers the matter. So, too, it has been with M. Louis Bertrand, although since his *Sang des Noirs* and *Pépète le Bien-aimé* he has produced *Mlle. de Jessancourt*, a remarkably fine novel which ought to be read.

M. Henri Bordeaux did not require conversion, as he was born a dutiful son of the Church. He produces novels of excellent construction, decorous and conscientiously written, which enjoy great popularity and can be safely placed in anyone's hands. Curiously enough, this is not quite the case with those of M. René Bazin. Although a Catholic by birth, a convinced and fervent son of the Church, the very simplicity and ardor of his faith sometimes lead him into daring situations which his extremely pure style, charming and crystalline in its sonority, — for he is truly an artist, — does not altogether succeed in masking. Had some anticlerical writer been bold enough to deal with the subject of *L'Isolée*, he would have been charged with defaming the female religious orders. In another of his novels M. Bazin denounces the immorality of society in language the harshness of which recalls the crudity of the preachers of former days. But *Donatienne*, too, must be read, for it is a work of artless and delightful purity and one of the finest things written in France for thirty years.

The Catholicism of M. René Bazin is

free of all alloy. That of M. Paul Bourget, who has become choir-master of the new and ever-growing Catholic school, — MM. Valléry-Radoit, Baumann, and so forth, — is mixed up with politics. The fact is that Catholicism has long seemed to the author of the *Disciple* — that remarkable study of egotism — a genre from which M. Maurice Barrès has broken loose — a conservative force, necessary to what we must call the 'bourgeoisie,' to use the language of Socialism. During the last three quarters of a century, in fact, there has been a change in the attitude of Frenchmen toward the religious problem. The peasantry and working classes have become anticlerical. Moved by the instinct of self-defense, the middle classes, menaced in their privileges, have become reconciled, at least from the political standpoint, with Catholicism.

I shall not quote any of the works of M. Paul Bourget's later manner. Those he has written since *L'Étape* — a notable work — are sufficiently well known, even abroad.

It is a general phenomenon in all the countries which took part in the war that people do not want to hear anything more about it, even those who actually fought — perhaps those most of all. Neither such works as the *Croix de Bois* of M. Dorgelès — a fine work nevertheless — nor even *Le Feu* of M. Henri Barbusse, the popularity of which was tremendous, are any longer read. Of late people have even applied their ingenuity to discovering defects in the latter work, charging it even with unreality. I would humbly suggest that, had this novel been from the pen of a Russian, its very defects would have seemed to us merits, and we should have gone on lauding it to the skies. The same would undoubtedly have been done with M. Gaston Rouppel's *Nono* and M. André Bail-

lon's *Histoire d'une Marie*, the high merit of which I have already mentioned.

The war having been thus suppressed — in literature — two main currents of fiction have become marked. That which attracts the greatest number of readers bears them toward the romantic novel which is coming to life again — the amusing, diversified, adventurous novel. When M. Pierre Benoit's delightful *Kaenigsmarck* appeared, one was encouraged to hope that this witty and ingenious inventor in fiction might follow in the footsteps of Cherbuliez. And, for that matter, neither his *Comte Kostia* nor *Méta Holdenis* was without psychological and social significance. M. Pierre Benoit, possibly discouraged by the poor reception given the former work by the critics, — although the public, on the other hand, delighted in it, — has in *L'Atlantide* and his other novels preferred merely to amuse his readers. In this he is marvelously successful and appears to wish for nothing better.

M. Pierre MacOrlan, whose early works, *L'Étoile Matutinale* and *Cavalière Elsa*, attracted some attention, appears to have ambitions of a loftier and more complicated nature. In the adventure story he mingles humor and even mystification with elements of daring which can hardly appeal to the fastidious reader. It is just possible that this is a mistake, for the adventure story ought to have the appearance of having 'arrived.' In this the works of English writers, who are masters in this genre, are preëminent. But M. MacOrlan will, apparently, import into literature the processes of the cubist and 'simultanéiste' painters, rather in the manner of M. Jules Romains, the 'unanimist,' one at least of whose novels, *La Mort de Quelqu'un*, is very nearly a masterpiece. Nevertheless, M. MacOrlan, who is seeking

but does not yet seem to have found himself, is an interesting and talented writer.

Like him, M. Marcel Proust, M. Jean Girandoux, and M. Paul Morand are in quest of new methods of expression. In the series of works by M. Marcel Proust, who has just died, we find not only a most keen observer, at once very 'snobbish' and very cruel, but also a 'simultanéiste' who sees all the details of a picture, a character, or a situation on a single plane and sets out to express them in a single interminable phrase entangled in an infinity of subjunctives. He does not always know where he is, nor does the reader. But the effect produced is none the less novel and curious.

M. Jean Girandoux and M. Paul Morand — also with ultramodern methods of expression — have introduced into our fiction, previously so forced back upon itself — so entirely Parisian and so seldom provincial — the study of international environments.

This is an immense field worthy of cultivation, whose existence stay-at-home Frenchmen would never have suspected but for the war, by which nations and races have been thrown together or united. In manner M. Paul Morand is a direct disciple of M. Girandoux, whose *Siegfried et le Limousin* has just been awarded the Prix Balzac, and whose previous novel, *Suzanne et le Pacifique*, although rather strained in its fancy, was a work of remarkable ability. On the other hand M. Paul Morand, the author of *Ouvert la Nuit*, possesses a vigor and intensity

of observation which are entirely his own and which should secure him the favor of the public.

In this rather brief sketch I have tried to show an English reader what works he must read in order to form a general idea of the tendencies of the French novel during the past twenty years. But I have confined myself, with few exceptions, to mentioning those which would not offend, either by their language or their situations, that sentiment of reserve which is still general in England, but not among us. The task would have been impossible otherwise. I must say, however, that in this respect a certain change is taking place in France as a result of what might be called the awakening of the trade-union spirit among literary men themselves. They are showing a disposition to police their own profession. Recently a considerable number of them protested against the gross immorality of a novel on behalf of which the excuse of compensating artistic merit could not be alleged. A certain young writer, too, whose fault, however, had been no graver, lately had the doors of the daily journals and publishers closed to him, at least for a time, that he might repent his sins.

At the same time I must point out that while in England restraint in literature is imposed in the name of public and religious morality, it is imposed in France at present rather as a result of a reviving respect for the classical division of genres. In any case it is imposed in the name of what is due to the honor of literature itself and not to morals.

DONALD HANKEY'S LAST BATTLE

BY A. CRUDGINGTON

[A Student in Arms was one of the most widely read war-books in the days when we all knew less of the origins of the war and felt more idealistic about it. Even in these days of disillusion, however, there is room for this simple account of Lieutenant Donald Hankey's death, told by a private of his company, which is printed just as written save for a few changes in punctuation. Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the Spectator, through whose hands passed the original manuscripts of A Student in Arms, comments on the spirit of this article: 'How little the British private soldier changes through the centuries! Corporal Trim might have written what Mr. Crudgington writes. Dr. Johnson describes exactly this spirit in his essay on the English Common Soldier. Hankey would have wanted no better memorial than this plain and yet deeply moving proof of what he was to his men.']

From the Spectator, December 30
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

SIR, —

You say you would like to know something about Donald Hankey, particularly in the last hour of his life. I will tell you exactly what I know and saw, and how I had the honor to bury him. I will have to give you the full story, but I do not want anybody to think that I am boasting, as what I did nearly every soldier did while at the front. We were ordered to relieve a London Division at Le Transloy, Somme, where we took over on the night of October 10, 1916. It was a very warm position, and dead were laying about wholesale. The Germans were blowing down our trenches, which were only just big enough for us to stand in; so when the shells hit the trench it fell in, as there were no sandbags to support it.

That night went off all right; we only had a few wounded; we buried the dead near our position. The following day we built our trench up, but had to be very careful in case the Germans saw us. In the night time, after stand down (which means that at sunset every man stands on the fire-step for one hour, and the same at sunrise; after the hour is up

you are ordered to stand down), we were told that we were going to make a daylight attack on the following day, October 12, at two o'clock.

On the day of attack every man was told by his platoon officer to be in the trench at one o'clock. I was told to look after the men's packs as they were going to leave them in the trench. I went and asked Lieutenant D. Hankey if I could go over the top with the boys, and said that an old man named Private Allen could take my place to look after the packs. He went and saw the company officer (Captain Walters), and he told me I could go with them. We got extended out — I was with the company officer.

About 1.30 P.M. Lieutenant Beamish sent down and asked me if I could manage to make the company officers a drink of tea. I said I would try. The four officers sent their water-bottles down. I got a candle, wrapped some rag around it, and stuck my bayonet into the side of the trench and put my canteen with the water in on it and lit the candle under it. In about ten minutes the water was nearly boiling, when a lot of earth from the side of the

trench fell into it. I did not waste the water as it was hard to get, so I let it boil and put some tea and sugar into it. I told the officers what had happened. Lieutenant D. Hankey turned round and said: 'Never mind, it looks like milk in it.' After they had drunk it they said it was a nice drop of tea. That was the last hot drink that Lieutenant D. Hankey had, and I am pleased to say that I made it.

At 1.45 P.M. the order was passed down to fix bayonets, and every man get in his place and be prepared. The officers told their men which way to go when they advanced, then they corresponded their watches with the company officer's, whose watch was set by brigade time, after which the officers got back to their platoons. I saw Lieutenant D. Hankey ask his platoon to let him give them a prayer. I remember him saying: 'If you are wounded, Blighty; if killed, the Resurrection,' which is in the book about *A Student in Arms*. No one knows only the men themselves how it relieved them, as I know from facts that the first thing that comes to a man's mind when he is going over the top is God and the dear ones he has left at home.

At 1.55 P.M. the company officer passed down—five minutes to go. Then comes the hardest time for the officers to keep their men in the trench till the word is given to advance. At 1.59 P.M. the officers tell the men to be prepared. At 2 P.M. our barrage starts; the order is given to advance; every man is over the top, eager to get to their goal. The Irish were on our left and the French on our right. We had gone about one hundred yards when we were given the order to lie down. The firing was dreadful, what with the German rifle and machine-gun fire and their barrage from their big guns. Our chaps were falling wounded and killed like ninepins. We could just hear them cry out. We were given the order to

advance again; the firing got worse. We had only gone about twelve yards in our second advance when the fatal moment came.

The French started to retire; the Irish on our left, seeing the French retreating, thought that the order had been given to retire and started to retire too. Our officers saw the situation and our men were on the waver. Then I saw the finest act in my life: I saw Lieutenant D. Hankey waving to his men to carry on. Every man of A Co., and part of C Co., who was with us, went forward. Then the firing got so bad that we could not see in front of us, and that was the last I saw of Lieutenant D. Hankey alive. We were ordered to dig in, which we set to work with all our might; every man and officer dug a hole deep enough for him to get into. Then we started to dig to each other so as to make a trench. We dug a couple of saps for our Lewis guns and wounded.

After we had finished digging, one of our men asked if I could dress wounds, as one of our officers was laying near our trench wounded. I went out and found it was an officer named Lieutenant Gliko, who was wounded badly in the upper part of the leg and the right arm. I could not stop the bleeding as the wounds were so high up that you could not get a cord round the leg or arm. Lieutenant Beamish came up and I told him where the officer was wounded, and asked if I could try to get the officer back to our old position. He said I could, and sent a man to help me. We made a stretcher out of our two rifles and an oilsheet. We had managed to get about fifty yards when the officer went out of his mind and would not keep still. I left him with the other chap and went to see if I could get a proper stretcher or stretcher-bearers. I managed to find some stretcher-bearers, but when we got to the officer he was dead.

We went back to our new position with the stretcher-bearers with us to help us to fetch our wounded down which we had laying in the trench and near about. We wanted to get them away as we were expecting the Germans to make a counter-attack.

As we went across the sunken road to fetch some wounded in we came across C Co., C.S.M. He told us he was on the point of going back, as he thought that he and his men were the only ones there. They came to our trench and helped to enlarge it, and they made our strength up to about 150. On top of the trench we found the body of Captain Harrison, C Co.; then we found the body of Captain Somers, B Co., and Lieutenant D. Hankey's servant, Pte. Woods, came and told us that his officer had been killed. Captain Walters went with some men and fetched the body in.

Lieutenant Beamish said to me: 'You are one of the happy-go-lucky sort, will you dig a pit?' Lieutenant D. Hankey's servant gave me a hand with it; we dug a pit on top of our trench about 6 ft. by 5 ft. by 3 ft. We put the four officers into it, and there was a funny thing about it that Lieutenant D. Hankey was tall, Lieutenant Glika was short, Captain Somers was tall, and Captain Harrison was short, so if ever the bodies are found it will not be a hard job to tell who they are.

We gave them the highest honor a soldier can have on this earth, where there is no difference made between a private or a general — 'a soldier's grave' on the field of battle. Nobody knows how glorious it is to die for your country only those who have been on the border of life and death, which I have experienced as I laid out in No Man's Land for three days, with the bone in the upper part of my leg shattered.

I will give you a few incidents of

Lieutenant D. Hankey's life with his men, and why they loved him so much.

(1) When the battalion was on the march, on leaving the trenches you would always see Lieutenant D. Hankey with full pack and rifle the same as his men, cheering them up, and telling the while that we had not got much further to go. (2) We were at Hill 60. One day the transport sent up a bit of fresh meat and potatoes for the officers. I got to work as I was officers' cook, and made up my mind to give them a good hot feed, which was to be composed of boiled beef, carrots, and potatoes. I made a fire with charcoal and coke, and I had just put the 'dixie' on with the meat in when I heard a loud report. I looked up and I saw a 'Minnie' in the air. I made a rush for a mine gallery which was near; we heard the explosion and then I came up. The first thing that met my eye was my fire and 'dixie' laying in the bottom of the trench, where they had been blown by the explosion. That made me downhearted, when up came Lieutenant D. Hankey to see if we were all right; he saw what had happened. He said: 'So I suppose there will be no dinner for us to-day.' I had a look and saw that I could wash the meat, as there was plenty of water in our plantation, so I said I could get them some steak and bread and a drop of tea. Where we were lucky was that all of our small rations were safe, as I dug a hole in the side of the trench to put them in and they had not been touched. Lieutenant D. Hankey could hardly believe that I could get them something to eat. I set to and made another fire, and finished up with a nice dinner for the officers, which was composed of steak, potatoes, and a nice drop of tea. I shall never forget the day when Lieutenant D. Hankey came out and thanked me on behalf of the officers for getting them a dinner.

I do not want you to think that the men loved Lieutenant D. Hankey because of his position in life, as I think there were not ten men in the battalion besides the officers that knew who he was or had seen his books. It was only by chance that I saw one of his books; that was when his servant showed one to me.

When his men lost him they lost a comrade or, putting it in the soldier's slang, 'a mucking-in chum.'

I will give you proof why I am the only one of the burying party left.

Captain Walters was killed the day I was wounded, October 23, 1916. Lieutenant Beamish was killed later in the war, which I was told by Miss H. Hankey. Pte. Woods was killed, which I was told by some of my company mates whom I saw in Ireland recovering from their wounds.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A. CRUDGINGTON.

P.S. — I hope I have not wrote you a lot of rubbish; the times in this letter are not correct to the minute but near as possible.

SOME ENGLISH POETS OF TO-DAY

BY JACQUES CHASTENET

[A foreign critic enjoys to some degree the advantages of posterity in judging the literature of our day. Seeing from afar, in both geographic and linguistic senses, he is likely to catch the broad general outlines of literary forces and figures to which those whose native tongue is English are too close. Since M. Chastenet describes Miss Edith Sitwell's work without giving examples, we reprint one of her strange creations on A Page of Verse.]

From *L'Opinion*, December 29
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY WEEKLY)

If the poetic powers of a people were to be measured by the number of citizens within its frontiers who are wont to scratch lines of unequal length upon paper, there is no doubt that England would appear the chief leader of the muses among all the nations. The poetic regiment of our neighbors across the Channel has always included an impressive array of talent, and in our own day it has become a legion. Not a student who prides himself on being 'intellectual,' not a young girl with a taste for letters, but has been guilty of several sonnets; and even in the files of officials, nay, even in the strong

boxes of the bankers, lurk little bundles of poems in manuscript. It would be an interesting study to try to prove that the incapacity of the English to treat abstract notions at length has something to do with the poetic form that the expression of their thought takes so easily. But that consideration would carry us too far afield.

The most agreeable aspect of the situation is that all these poets find publishers, and even readers. A fairly large amount of collected poetry is published every year in the United Kingdom, either in the form of thin individual volumes or, more frequently,

in the form of anthologies representing the works of several poets; and it is perfectly certain that these volumes do not stay on the shelves of the bookstores. Lucky booksellers! Lucky authors!

Taken as a whole, this poetry belongs to the so-called 'minor' class. The great harp of British poetry that in the nineteenth century rang beneath the sturdy hands of Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Swinburne is almost silent, and to these grave and resounding tones have succeeded the thin, sharp sounds from frailer pipes. This is not the same thing as saying that during the last few decades no efforts have been made to grasp again the more powerful instrument — attempts that have sometimes been successful. Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, and Charles Doughty have been able to set the golden chords to vibrating once again: the first in his *Barrack-Room Ballads*, where amid the clash of cymbals pass gusts of burning air come from the extremities of the empire; the second in his *Dynasts*, an historic drama of infinitesweep, the work of a visionary, in which one catches an echo of the *Orestes*; and the third in his *Dawn in Britain*, a religious epic based on the origins of the British fatherland.

These writers belong to a generation that is already old. Their successors have left the heights behind. Wise for the most part in spite of their verbal audacities, — which are often rather ill-sustained, — they are traveling with hesitating footsteps along the well-beaten paths. Many of them have talent, but no one of them seems to be stirred by the divine touch. And yet there are exceptions, the most astonishing, no doubt, being John Masefield, in whom an energy that is sometimes almost brutal is superbly linked with a passionate endeavor after beauty, —

Beauty of woman, comrade, earth and sea,
Incarnate thought come face to face with me.

We must also mention with respect the poet laureate, Robert Bridges, the elevation of whose thought and the mastery of whose technique command respect.

The muse of the younger British writers was trained first in France. The writers who, about 1890, grouped first around Oscar Wilde and then about Arthur Symonds, mounted under the banner of 'Art for Art's sake' to the assault on the Victorian fortress issued from the school of our Parnassians; and when the battle was won, it was on the other side of the Channel for some years that verse chiseled like a jewel triumphed — poetry that sought for the unusual word, for 'chryso-prase' and 'chrysoberyl,' mystic Latin, esoteric symbols, and foggy legends. Dowson, Francis Thompson, and W. B. Yeats, the Irish Maeterlinck, are fairly representative of different aspects of what is most interesting in these tendencies — tendencies whose effect was still being felt, on the very eve of the war, in the striking work of James Elroy Flecker, the last Parnassian.

But already the tide had turned and the taste of the younger poets was directed toward forms less perfect but simpler and more natural. In 1896, in the very midst of the symbolist reign of terror, appeared a little collection called *A Shropshire Lad*, by A. E. Housman, whose melancholy tenderness, disillusioned but courageous philosophy, and simple fluid melody were to exercise a profound influence over the authors of the generation that followed. One might say that almost all the Georgian poets who commenced to publish at the beginning of George V's reign showed some traces of the influence of the *Shropshire Lad*.

They are a pleasant lot, these Georgians — delightful poets, who may not be very powerful or very original, but

who are extremely intelligent and very clever. On the eve of the war how filled with promise they seemed to be! Now they have passed through the fiery furnace and a good many of them have been left behind in it; Rupert Brooke, among others — one of the most romantically charming of them all.

Some have emerged a little out of countenance, it would seem — at any event without having found the magic flame. Shanks, Freeman, Robert Graves, Robert Nichols, and John Drinkwater are taking up again the themes that are already showing the effects of usage, and treating — in metres that are usually a little irregular — war, country life, love, and death. The philosophic preoccupations that haunted a Paul Valéry do not disturb them at all. Their poetry is delightful — it is nothing more.

Can we retain no impression of these Georgian poets then, except a feeling of honorable mediocrity? I think on the whole that would be unfair. In their work one often finds, side by side with a good deal of worn-out stuff, some passages that display a temperament. This temperament shows itself with particular force in the case of two writers whose rough strength breaks rudely in among the subdued tones about them. I mean D. H. Lawrence and Siegfried Sassoon. The one writes in a bitter, sometimes incorrect, language, verses charged with sensuality, verses from which exhale vapors like those of a hothouse. The other writes with a fierce and passionate vehemence of the one feeling that swells in his heart: hatred for war.

And then there is Walter de la Mare. In that mysterious land extending beyond the realm of consciousness, in the distant country of memories forgotten from childhood, Walter de la Mare is king. His pen is an enchanter's wand that, at the behest of the capricious

fancy, raises a whole race of phantoms who belong to no time in particular and to no place. As we listen to the soft melody of their songs, we feel ourselves falling under a spell; and when we shake off the charm, returning once more to earth, we feel a kind of homesickness for that country of dreams to which the poet has for a moment carried us away.

Among the Georgians, Walter de la Mare is one of the older figures, but younger writers are not lacking. No doubt it is too soon to try to distinguish the way along which this younger group will go, and yet it seems as though we could distinguish among the last comers a lightness, a deliberate humor, that their predecessors have ordinarily lacked. I may mention an especially promising talent — Aldous Huxley, whose best verse suggests Rimbaud touched up by Jules Laforgue.

And finally I do not want to forget Edith Sitwell. Her peculiar work is an endeavor to carry over into poetry the doctrines that have succeeded in painting of the Cézanne school and in moving pictures like the film of Dr. Caligari. The attempt is interesting. The way in which it is carried out is open to discussion. Miss Sitwell lives in a strange world, twisted and distorted, where everything seems to be wooden. The men are wooden, the fields are wooden, the seas are wooden, the sun is of wood. The trees alone are not. They are iron!

All this may seem to be stupid enough. Well, but this wooden universe is seen with such fresh vision, is presented with such facility of expression, that we may ask whether Miss Sitwell, when she has grown a little wiser, may not map out for her fellow poets of the younger generation in England a way that some of them will find it profitable to follow, for the moment at least.

BOLGONI

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[Mr. Golding is a young English poet and novelist, a Queen's College, Oxford, man, whose article on 'The Scottish Chaucerians' appeared in the *Living Age* for January 6.]

From the *Saturday Review*, November 4
(LONDON TORY WEEKLY)

I SPEAK of the period when Bolgoni, né Bloggs, was the latest birth of æsthetic time. When London and Paris talked of Bolgoni's painting, they talked in whispers. Leonardo became a mere anticlimax. I have no doubt the unintelligibility of the colossal Bolgoni was the main factor of his success. *Omne ignotum. . . .* I might almost quote.

You can imagine, therefore, the adoration for Bolgoni which burned in the bosom of Dick Wister, the post-war Oxford undergraduate whom I here present to you. When Alice, his little sister, who wore plaits, daubed a haphazard canvas and told him that Bolgoni had painted and signed that grotesque babble of paint and sent it along to him, he was completely — I blush to record — taken in. More outrageous pseudo-Bolgonis had taken in more profound connoisseurs. Dick had actually met Bolgoni in Sarah Poppett's studio and elsewhere, and Bolgoni had smiled upon him. He had even asked Dick round to his own studio, the very Holy of Holies.

'There is only one way,' Dick Wister determined, 'for me to recover my self-esteem. It is by imposing upon Oxford as I have been imposed upon!'

Up therefore went the Miss Wister-Bolgoni in the centre of my hero's mantelpiece. 'Bolgoni!' exclaimed the first-comer, awe-struck. 'A real Bolgoni!'

'A real Bolgoni!' replied Dick, gulp-

ing hard. 'He gave it to me himself!'

'Gave it to you himself?' repeated Hindle, a simple fellow, a cricket-blue and all that sort of thing; but not Philistine enough not to sit gaping before the handiwork of the very Bolgoni, the nucleus of the cometary swishings of the Neo-Novelty.

'Look!' said Dick, with a sinking at the heart. Someone else had entered the room and stood just inside the door. It was too late to withdraw now. 'Here 's his signature — Bolgoni!'

'I say,' said the newcomer. It was Bathby, Dick's especial friend at Saint Crispin's. 'That can't be a Bolgoni you've got on the mantelpiece there, Dick?'

'You did n't hear me say so?'

'Of course I did n't!' lied Bathby. There was prestige enough to be gained from the prompt recognition of a Bolgoni, even if it could not compare with the prestige bestowed by the actual possession of a canvas by the Master. Said Bathby, 'I could hear the picture say so. Who could mistake a Bolgoni?'

The next person who came in was Huxtable, a classical scholar of terrifying attainments, a bitter enemy of Modernity. 'It is n't true,' he asked venomously, 'that you've got an original Bolgoni?'

Dick stared weakly round the room. No one had left it. How had *he* learned

about the Bolgoni? 'Yes. He gave it to me himself. Here 's his signature in the corner.'

'Don't bring it any nearer to me!' cried Huxtable, backing. 'It 's indecent! Can't you see that?'

'Don't be a fool!' said Bathby. 'What about Pompeii? A bronze or two and one or two gentle little frescoes —'

'Oh, I know! Don't you see that 's the mere body? This, *this* is Beelzebub — the gangrene of the spirit!'

'I say,' said Hindle, alarmed. 'It is n't really all that?'

'Don't worry,' reassured Bathby. 'Look again! Look at that patch of green there! That 's what Spring 's been trying to look like ever since Genesis!'

'Ashes and desolation!' screamed Huxtable, suddenly. 'It 's intolerable! Filth! Filth!' and he banged the door violently behind him.

'Behold,' murmured Bathby, 'the amenities of a Praxitelean education!'

That then was how it all began. It did not end there. The fame of the redoubtable Bolgoni spread from college to college. Magdalen æsthetes hid wearily the diminished heads of their Beardsleys. Fiery young men from Ruskin sought to pay their respects at the altar of Bolgoni, the painter who had broken forever the arrogant class-consciousness of the Old Masters.

It was usually at eleven A.M., a defiantly anti-tutorial hour, that the worshippers gathered before the easel where the Bolgoni, now sole decoration of Dick Wister's room, uttered its discordant shrieks. Here, for instance, was Honing. He wore the palest gray flannels in Oxford. 'And just look here,' he was saying, 'at this contra-sectional mass of gamboge. See how it releases the upward thrust of this half-arch in ultramarine. But he 's too subtle to carry it off so obviously. That 's why this diagonal intercedes here at the psychological moment. See? What a mar-

vel the man is! Just look at these tertiary planes! O my God!' exclaimed Honing, in despair at expounding with any adequacy the virtues of Bolgoni.

'I say, you people,' remonstrated Dick, with a little discomfort. It is true that by this time he himself believed almost as firmly in the authenticity of his Bolgoni as the eager young men who flocked in from every least college. You cannot for long utter and hearken to such dithyrambs without believing in the object praised with some degree of firmness. Yet the burden of his secret had become too heavy for his unsupported shoulders. He was quite clear in his mind that if some loyal comrade did not arise to share it he would get up one morning in the middle of somebody's lecture and shriek prolongedly. Then a certain complication threatened. Walter Bathby would do better than anyone else, he decided. At first Bathby refused to have anything to do with the revelation. Then Bathby implored him to declare the revelation a mere attempt to try his faith. Finally Bathby threw his arms round Dick's waist and danced him madly round the room.

'Dick! Dick!' he cried tearfully. 'What a demon you are! How could you, you masterpiece?'

'Have n't I just explained? It was n't me! It was my little sister!'

That only threw Bathby into more lachrymose ecstasies. 'What a future is in store for you! Dick, Dick! Cover your face! Mine eyes dazzle! I 'll die young!'

'But that does n't help me out of the difficulty! It 's this Croom business —'

'My lord Croom, of the House, you mean?'

'The same! It 's the foulest dilemma. He 's offered me a hundred pounds for ' Alice's abomination. And the point is — I either take the money and am a

common thief or I don't take the money and I go out into the High and cry "*Peccavi! Peccavi!*" Think what they'll do to me. Above all, Bolgoni himself is visiting me in Oxford in a week or so en route for Cornwall. The thing must be got rid of somehow before he turns up. Help me, Walter!"

It was then that Bathby suggested the most illustrious "binge" — I must be forgiven the local dialect word — of which Oxford holds record. It was to take place safely before Bolgoni's arrival. Everybody was to be invited, not forgetting Croom, to whom the canvas was solemnly to be handed over. At the end of the evening the Bolgoni secret was to be declared. Croom was to receive again his disbursement, minus some honest share of the evening's costs. Dick was to burn the Bolgoni-Miss Wister with incense and due incantations.

Probably never before in the history of Art was an artistic enthusiasm more joyous and single-hearted than the enthusiasm at Wister's famous Bolgoni binge at St. Crispin's. Not more joyous were the Florentines when they carried in procession the Madonna of Cimabue.

"The urge of those lines!" said one celebrant.

"The uplift!" said a Rhodes scholar.

"That there diagonal mass!" wept Honing. "That parabola there, diverging from that intermediate perpendicular!"

Croom sat on the floor gazing fixedly through his eyeglass at the latest acquisition to his hereditary collection. "I say!" he murmured, and relapsed into silence. Continuously, like a choric comment upon the festival, corks plopped and glasses clinked.

It may have been an hour or two hours later that the catastrophe occurred. Its name was Bolgoni. When the porter announced the name, the silence as of a Presence fell upon the

revelers. Dick Wister tottered against his friend. "O my God, he's come too soon!"

"Pull yourself together, old man! See it through!"

"Gentlemen — Mr. Bolgoni —"

"Why did n't you tell us?" someone whispered.

"What a sense of climax the man's got!" whispered someone else.

A voice boomed from without the door. Then in stalked Bolgoni. "Hello, Wister!" he said, coming grandly forward.

"This is splendid!" said Dick. "All the more because I hardly hoped you'd get to Oxford so soon."

"It was Sarah Poppett!" said Bolgoni.

"Perhaps," ventured Dick, "I'd best introduce my friends en bloc — Oxford, Mr. Bolgoni; Mr. Bolgoni, Oxford!" The next moment he bit his tongue savagely. He might have made an elaborate ceremonial out of the introduction — anything, anything in the world to keep Bolgoni's attention from that accusing canvas. Yet Bolgoni's mind for the moment seemed entirely taken up with Sarah Poppett. If, thought Dick agonizedly, the conversation could circle round Miss Poppett, salvation was still possible. But it was inevitable. Some idiot was bound to —

Then the bombshell fell, a strange, inverted bombshell, producing rather a hush than a tumult.

"Now, if I may ask, Mr. Bolgoni, about this picture of yours —"

"Picture of mine?" asked Bolgoni, opening his eyes wide.

"The one," said Honing, "on the easel!"

"On the easel?" the painter repeated. "Look here —"

But the heart that, a minute ago, had been beating against Dick's ribs, irregularly, frantically, now suspending a beat altogether, now concentrating five into the normal duration of one —

Dick's heart was beating now with a grim and equal and superb rhythm. Not only had he convinced Bathby and Honing and Croom and all Oxford that Bolgoni, the greatest painter of his age, had painted Alice's monstrosity. Something far more noteworthy. He had convinced himself. It was at the rarest intervals, and only in the presence of Bathby, that he remembered the truth of the matter. He had so far hypnotized himself that actually when he was alone he regarded Alice's daub with precisely that mixture of terror and astonishment that Bolgoni's own canvases had excited in him in Bolgoni's studio. Could this colossal deception but be imposed upon one other — and that one the painter himself? Success was incredible. Yet failure would be intolerable beyond all words.

'Don't you remember,' said Dick Wister, easily, strolling over to the picture, 'that time in your studio?' If you had felt his muscles at that moment you would have found them taut as steel.

'I don't remember as —' began Bolgoni unpleasantly.

'Surely you remember?' insisted Dick. 'Woncks was there — and Sarah Poppett!'

'She always was!'

Try again, Dick, try again! 'You were wearing one stocking and one sock,' Dick invented violently. 'That's why Woncks called you a dromedary!'

Bolgoni looked tentatively up into the ceiling. 'Oh, yes!' he said, slowly drawing out the words.

Here was a breach in the wall! Have at it, battering-rams! Forward there, scaling ladders!

'Ha, ha!' laughed Dick. 'And you remember, Sarah would n't have you called a dromedary!'

'Ho, ho, ho!' the painter laughed back sardonically. 'Always *would* look after my presteetj, damn the woman!'

'It was awfully comic,' Dick followed on breathlessly. 'She had a huge smear of Prussian blue across her face and some yellow ochre —'

Bolgoni smote his thighs powerfully. 'Ho, ho, ho! It's all coming back to me now! There'd been a little tea-party the night before and the landlady turned the gas off at the main. There were five bottles in a row on the mantel-piece, with candles stuck in. What a fool I was to forget it!'

'Can't quite remember those bottles with candles,' said Dick, a trifle uneasily. What had happened? How had the world suddenly turned topsy-turvy?

'Oh, but sure!' insisted Bolgoni, almost eagerly. 'Because when I gave you that picture, I brushed the end bottle off with my sleeve!'

'Oh, of course, of course!' exclaimed Dick. Foundations of the world exalted to its roof, roof debased to its foundations! In fact, what on earth was happening? Bolgoni was now as anxious to convince him of the transfer of the picture as Dick, a few minutes ago, had been anxious to convince Bolgoni.

'How could I have forgotten?' Dick added. 'There was still some beer in the bottle. It all fell on Woncks's coat. Was n't he pleased!'

'I say,' said Bathby, appalled at Dick's magnificence, 'I say, Mr. Host. I don't know why you should suspend the sound of revelry by night, while you are rude to the Old Familiar Faces!'

Bolgoni applauded the sentiment. But for Dick the strain of forging one set of reminiscences, and then corroborating another set in which, obviously, some other young man than himself had actually taken part, was becoming a little difficult. At all events, O ye great gods, he had succeeded! He was safe, safe! The thought presented itself deafeningly to him, like a thunderclap. He felt a compression at the lungs. He wanted to laugh, nothing in the world

but to laugh, ravisously, insanely. He caught Bathby's eye. It was full of warning. He must restrain himself, get hold of himself tight, tight, and not let go. If he relaxed — the calamity he had averted would fall upon him tenfold. He would be crushed into pulp. Oxford and Bolgoni. Dick Wister had no chance against their combined fury.

The rest of that evening passed like a tortured dream. Figures passed before him, gesticulating and mouthing. Dim voices came to him through a mist and a rumbling of wheels. Was that Huxtable attempting to reconcile Bolgoni with Phidias? Was that Honing taking wild voyages into space, astride upon an intermediate diagonal? Was that Walter? Was that Hindle? (Dick, no no! You must not laugh, Dick! Dig the nails into the palms of the hands, Dick! Think of graves and the war and trenches and bluebottles! A little better! O God, my ribs are cracking!)

It could n't be that people were going at last? Oh, yes, they were! 'Good night, Wister!' they were saying, 'Good night!' Listen to the sound of feet on the wooden stairs! What a strict pattern of noise they made — one-two-three-one, one-two-three-one! Now their feet were crunching on the gravel in the quad below. One or two desultory people were helping themselves to a last drink. (Soon, Dick, soon! Oh, for Heaven's sake, hold tight!) And here was old Walter saying good night.

'Good night, old Walter!'

Walter too was gone. Only Bolgoni and himself. We two alone in the world. Alone in the vast world —

Then it came suddenly. It ripped like a beast through his lungs. Laughter choked him, throat and mouth and nostrils, like a gas. He threw himself down on the floor and his whole body heaved convulsively. From afar off he heard the voice of the painter asking, 'Eh, you, what 's the matter? What's

the matter, I say?' But his arms beat the more helplessly, the more insistently did curious little nerves and tendons twitch all along his thighs and legs.

Many minutes later a measure of self-control returned to him. He raised his back from the carpet and leaned it against an adjacent armchair.

'You fool,' he gasped out — to Bolgoni, to *Bolgoni!* Something had snapped in his mind. Bolgoni, the painter who had subdued two capital cities! 'You unutterable, blithering fool!' he breathed laboriously. Then once more the demon of laughter seized him. He writhed and rolled about idiotically.

'What do you mean?' he heard Bolgoni saying. 'What do you mean?'

'That picture!' sobbed Dick. He pointed limply toward the easel.

'What about that picture?'

'My sister,' uttered Dick, the last gusts of his laughter leaving him. He was shaking like a leaf. Sweat ran thickly down his cheeks. 'My little sister painted it!'

There was a silence, a vast, uncompromised silence. It was chilly, like a mist on a high mountain. Dick shivered fearfully. What was going to happen now? But the pale eyes of the painter were not regarding him. They looked deep into space, immobile, tranced. Dick could not estimate how long the silence continued. He knew merely that his knees were knocking together and his teeth chattering.

'Listen!' said the painter. It might not have been a mortal speaking. Low, cold, expressionless, from realms afar the voice came. 'That picture of mine —'

'Yes?'

'Your little sister painted it!'

'Yes!'

'And all my other pictures,' intoned Bolgoni passionately, 'they are all painted by my little sister.'

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE INLAND STORM

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

THE wind is in the boughs to-night;
Against the sky the lace of leaves
Is fluttered in the dying light,
And all the woodland moans and
heaves
As though it were a sea that grieves.

As though it were a sea that cried
Against its limit and in vain,
There's riot in the tall green tide
Of leaves that surge and lapse
again
Or drop like spindrift on the plain.

They drop like spindrift on the croft
Where huddled horses mope and
neigh
To hear the surgy sound aloft,
With manes that stream as cordage
may
Above the rollers and the spray —

Above the rollers and the spume
When sudden rockets leap to light
From broken ships that meet their
doom
Without an answering sail in sight:
The wind is in the boughs to-
night.

RAIN

BY EDITH SITWELL

[*Westminster Gazette*]

BESIDE the smooth black lacquer sea,
You and I move aimlessly.

The grass is springing pale alone,
Tuneless as a quarter tone;

Remote your face seems, far away,
Beneath the ghostly water Day

That laps across you rustling loud
Until you seem a muslined cloud

Beneath your fluted hat's ghost-flow-
ers . . .
The little dog that runs and cowers,

Black as Beelzebub, now tries
To catch the white lace butterflies.

And we are dumb and move again
Across the wide and endless plain,

Vague as the little nacreous breeze
That plays with gilt rococo seas. . . .

No yesterday and no to-morrow
Know we, neither joy nor sorrow.

For this is the hour when like a swan
The silence floats, so pale and wan

That bird-songs, silver masks to hide
Strange faces now all sounds have died,

Find but one curdled sheepskin flower
Embodied in this ghostly hour.

THE ORANGE BARROW

BY C. H. W.

[*Morning Post*]

IN the drab market-place to-day
I saw a barrow, laden high
With golden fruit — so strangely gay
Beneath a rain-impending sky.

And on immediate wings I came
To far Gabarri's ancient quay,
Where endless orange-alleys flame
Down to a rosy-shadowed sea.

So all the rain-dark square for me
Was loud with Arab boys at play;
And lordly ships put out to sea
From a drab market-place to-day.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PLAYS OF THE SEASON IN ITALY

Now that the Fascisti have begun to meddle with the arts, as well as with politics, a well-known dramatist, Lucio d'Ambra, has seized the auspicious occasion to found a new theatre of nationalist tendencies in Rome. This is to be known as *Il Teatro degli Italiani*, and is to devote itself to the Italian theatre past, present, and future — provided, of course, that it escapes the usual fate of repertory theatres. The impresario of the new house announces that he will give fifty productions each year, only sixteen of which will be devoted to foreign drama. Of these sixteen, there will be one classic play each from England, France, Germany, Spain, and Russia. The other eleven plays will be chosen from the work of the most modern foreign dramatists that Signor d'Ambra can find.

The new institution has taken over the Eliseo Theatre, where it opened, on the first of March, with Carlo Gozzi's *Turnandot*, an adventurous fairytale which he adapted for the Venetian stage in rivalry of Goldoni. An unpublished play by Gabriel D'Annunzio is to be given at the second performance, and his son, Gabriellino, is to be one of the actors.

Foreign drama is just at present rather fashionable in Italy. The well-known Italian actress, Emma Gramatica, has succeeded in making *Barrie* popular, and *What Every Woman Knows* had a long run in Rome and Florence. One of the collection, *Half-Hours*, is to have early production, an odd successor to Shaw's *Pygmalion* and *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, in which the same actress has appeared. *Peg o' My Heart* was translated a year ago, and is still playing to crowded houses — and

yet there are critics who would have us believe that the Italians do not care for simple domestic plays. Miss Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement* could get through the first act only. The audience rose and hooted at the second and third. Miss Dane's play was a great success in England and in this country as well, but the problems of ladies who have difficulties with their family meet with no particular sympathy in Italy.

Commenting on a production of *The Pleasure of Honor*, by Luigi Pirandello, the Sicilian dramatist now rapidly rising to world-wide recognition, — which met with a good deal of success at the Théâtre de l'Atelier in Paris, — M. Edmond Sée, a noted critic, has complained that though Paris offers her hospitality to the Italian drama the theatres of Italy fail to reciprocate. M. Benjamin Crémieux, however, a contributor to the highly 'modern' *Nouvelle Revue Française* and to the lately established *Nouvelles Littéraires*, takes him to task — '*avec toute la déférence que j'ai pour son talent et son autorité*' — and by reeling off a list of titles shows that Italy has taken the drama of modern France to its heart. His list may cause disillusioned critics to reflect that — in some instances at least — the Italian public might have been better occupied. But this is a reflection merely by the way.

Of the younger French dramatists alone, plays by Géraudy, Crommelynck, and Sarment have been produced; and such plays as *La souriante Madame Beudet*, by Obey and Anniel, *Maître de son cœur*, by Paul Raynal, *Mademoiselle Pascal*, by Martial Piéchaud, and *Banco*, by Alfred Savoir, have been given in all parts of Italy with great

success. *Le Pâquebot Tenacity* (known in America as *S.S. Tenacity*) and Claude Roger-Marx's *Pensionnaire* are announced for early production.

In 1920, when Italian feeling against the French was running highest, plays ranging all the way from Sardou to Henri Bataille were being presented, without any manifestations of displeasure by the audiences; and though some very frothy French entertainments were hissed, 'that was because they were worthless, not because they were French.' (Italian audiences, as has been said before, are not given to straining the quality of mercy.)



INDEXING THE WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS

A COMMITTEE of British scientific men has undertaken to bring order into the chaos that now prevails among the scientific periodicals of the world. There are many thousands of technical journals dealing with the various sciences printed in many languages and in almost every civilized country, appearing in different forms at different intervals and different prices. Although isolated efforts to classify the product of research-workers — such as the *Zoological Record* — have been attempted from time to time, there is still no complete list of all these publications. No single library contains everything, and few of the very largest contain even a large proportion. There is a great deal of overlapping among the libraries, and some important public periodicals fail to reach the scientific men who need them. The great loss to scientific workers is obvious.

Recognizing the value of an exhaustive scientific bibliography, the Trustees of the British Museum have consented to the preparation of the list by the staff of the Keeper of Printed Books. The work is under the general

control of a committee representing distinguished workers in various branches of scientific investment. The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust has guaranteed the cost of publication up to a thousand pounds, and will place the new bibliography in libraries at important intellectual centres throughout Great Britain. Two public-spirited Englishmen have added a further guarantee of two hundred and fifty pounds, and it is hoped that publication will be possible before the end of the present year.



THE ELUSIVE WORDS OF NATIONAL ANTHEMS

WE AMERICANS are not so bad after all. It is notorious that no American — even the most patriotic — can recite the words of the Star Spangled Banner from beginning to end; but if we may trust *L'Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, the Belgians are equally patriotic and equally ill informed — at least they were until the war. 'Before the war,' says a recent issue, 'a good many Belgians knew only the tune of *La Brabançonne* and had never learned the words at all. When they had to sing our national hymn they substituted a vague kind of tra-la-la-la for the text and only recovered themselves in time to let out a resounding *Le Roi, la Loi, la Liberté* at the end of each couplet.'

To-day things are rather better in Belgium, and perhaps they are a little better in the United States. The reason assigned for the improvement in Belgium is amusing. 'During the German occupation the *Brabançonne* was forbidden, and so, of course, everybody did his best to learn the words in order to sing them and annoy the enemy.'

Belgium's national anthem has undergone a good many changes before reaching its present state if we may trust M. Sylvain Dupuis, director of the *Conservatoire de Liège*. The first

words were written by a poet of Lyon who was also an actor and who was best known by his stage name of Jenneval. Later they were altered by Charles Rogier for political reasons. The music is by François Van Campenhout and was sung by the composer in 1830. At that time rhythm and tempo were not precisely what they are at the present time, for changes had to be made adapting them to the new verses of Charles Rogier.



TALKERS IN SOHO ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

MR. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE, a young English literary man, took luncheon at a Soho restaurant the other day. There is, to be sure, nothing remarkable in that; but his neighbors at an adjoining table chanced to be discussing American literature, and Mr. Brighouse — his journalistic instincts proving too strong for him — made copy of their conversation for the *Manchester Guardian*. The moral of the conversation seems to be that no basis exists for Mr. Sinclair Lewis's charge that literary England ignores literary America. Indeed, Mr. Brighouse takes particular delight in hoisting Mr. Lewis with his own petar when he quotes one of the 'talkers in Soho' as remarking approvingly: 'Seems to me there are a lot of young Ted Babbitts writing in America to-day, knowing what they want to do and doing it.'

Let us quote a few of the more striking portions of the conversation of these interesting young Englishmen: —

They were English: they were young: they had, one guessed, vague and diverse contacts with the arts, and one of them was in full cry of vehement dogmatism. 'Watch America, I say! Paris died about the time when I was born, and Russia lived after that. Paris to-day is Bernstein's *Judith*, and Russia's all classics like Chekhov, and

we're classics like Conrad; and, if you want to know what great modern writing is, read Sherwood Anderson's description of Ohio and his pulverization of the town of Cleveland, Ohio, in last week's *New York Nation*.' 'Have you,' asked one, 'nobody later than last week?'

'I'll quote you Stephen Benét on *Main Street*,' he said aggressively. "'It's the hardest book to read through without fall-in' asleep where you sit that I've struck since the time I had to repeat geology." Now ask me who Stephen Benét is.'

They did, and 'Oh,' he said, 'I've laughed at *Babbitt*. *Babbitt*'s alive if *Main Street* is dead, and Sinclair Lewis could be the Arnold Bennett of the Middle West if he didn't hate so hard. Of course,' wistfully, 'there was always Joseph Hergesheimer.' Always! As one might speak of Scott or Dickens! Only his 'always' was Hergesheimer, and was *The Four Black Pennys* published in England until after the war?

Alackaday, our friendly critic! His speech bewrayeth him. '*Four Black Pennys*,' forsooth! Is this another vagary of the international money-market? There were only three of them in the American edition. Or has Mr. Hergesheimer added another generation of the Penny family to his novel?

All unconscious, Mr. Brighouse goes on listening to the talk at the next table: —

One remembered a scolding from Mr. Lewis because we neglected the serious Americans — and the young man in Soho seemed not only to have read them, but to have tossed them where he thought they belonged — into history. But not quite: he permitted Sherwood Anderson to be alive when he was not writing fiction, and 'This fellow Benét, now,' he said. 'He's what Lewis means by the end of *Babbitt*. There is Mr. "Standardised" Babbitt's own "I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life," and there is Babbitt's son, who knew what he wanted to do and did it.'

He left America to bludgeon some English writers and so wandered from what was, for me, the point — the point that here in Soho, where a like tableful of youngsters

would once have talked Verlaine and later Dostoevskii, these ardent people talked America. This is not a transcript from shorthand of what they said, but it is honest recollection; and the general charge having been made, by Mr. Sinclair Lewis, that England was unaware of the existence in America of serious literary artists, this seemed to me a particular retort. Young England seemed to be aware.

*

BOLSHEVIST PICTURES IN BERLIN

IN new and spacious rooms in Unter den Linden is housed an exhibition of Soviet art done by painters of the new Russian 'intelligentsia' officially known in Russia as the 'prolet-cult' — proletarian culture. Among the exhibitors are two Russian artists of exceptional ability, Nathan Altmann and Gabo, who have accompanied the exhibition to Berlin in person. Mr. Huntley Carter, who some months ago made a trip to Russia to study Russian art and particularly theatrical methods, met and talked with these men. They told him that entirely new forms of art were being produced under the revolution.

Among the exhibits that they showed him were some extraordinary sculptures by Gabo himself. An entirely new technique had been adopted. A process of building had taken the place of modeling. Portraits and figures were made of separate pieces of material. An example of this is the design for a monument to the Third International by a particular worker named Tatlin, which, says Mr. Carter, was one of the most astounding architectural conceptions which has issued from the brain of a human being in modern times. Even

in Soviet Russia this structure has given rise to a controversy. The Soviet Government allowed the artist a year and a half to make sketches and a model, after which his designs were exhibited to representatives from all parts of Russia. His design looks 'like a skeleton tower of Pisa,' according to Mr. Carter. It is to be constructed of glass and iron. Tatlin considers that cement is too old-fashioned. Archæologists might enlighten him on the antiquity of glass and iron.

Nathan Altmann has done some theatrical designs for the Moscow theatre chamber that especially attract Mr. Carter's eye. Some of these make no pretense at representing nature, and the Russian artist insists on drawing a distinction between 'construction' and 'composition' that Mr. Carter was unable to follow. All the designs purported to be produced 'according to mathematical principle.'

The keynote of the more radical portion of the exhibition seemed to be extreme simplification. One composition, by an artist named Malevitsch, is called 'White and White' and consists merely of a white plane enclosed in a white frame. There is a good deal of cubism, future-ism, expression-ism and a quantity of other -isms in the exhibition, which is said to be strictly proletarian in mood. Subjects drawn from middle-class life are distinctly lacking. The themes of the newer artists are drawn from the revolution, civil war, and famine — which is natural enough, for where is an artist to look if not to the life about him? Propaganda has sometimes been a source of inspiration through the demand for posters.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Watsons, by Jane Austen. London: Leonard Parsons, 1923. 6s.

[Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*]

It was a happy thought to reprint Jane Austen's unfinished fragment, *The Watsons*, quite apart from the momentary impulse which the venture may have received from the success of *Love and Freindship* last spring; for though all lovers of its author know the story by name, it is probable that not one in a hundred has had the curiosity to turn it up. For *The Watsons* has only once been printed, in the second edition of James Austen Leigh's Memoir of his illustrious aunt, published in 1871, a work that has long been out of print, and not easy to acquire. A brisk and critical account of it, quoting what is perhaps the most human passage in the manuscript, is included in the late Mr. Warre Cornish's 'Life' in the 'Englishmen of Letters,' but what the enthusiast wants is the whole thing as Jane Austen wrote it, and — it may be added — not a word more than she left.

It stands on record that the paper upon which *The Watsons* was written bears the watermarks 1803 and 1804; the manuscript would therefore seem to belong to the period when the Austens were at Bath. This would mean that it was written six or seven years after *Pride and Prejudice*, which was finished in August 1797, although it did not appear in print until sixteen years later. Various conjectures have been advanced for its author's hesitation to complete the story.

The Decay of Capitalist Civilization, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Allen and Unwin, New York: Harcourt Brace and Co., 1923. Probable price \$1.50.

[H. G. Wells in the London *Daily Herald*]

For more than a century a phase of machine production and scientific agriculture under the direction of competing private owners, restrained only by nationalist limitations, has produced a vast proliferation of material resources and a stupendous overpopulation of the world. A more and more fictitious monetary and credit system has bound together this swelling and distended complex of lives in a more and more intricate and less and less manageable system of debts and obligations. We believed it was a new social order, and it was no more than a bladder, a distention, an inflation produced by the development of material science. The Great War pricked the bladder. Or, rather, the Great War was the bursting of the bladder. The wen

sinks and subsides; in other words, world production is diminishing, and want, disease, and death are reaping the excessive human multitude. 'History,' our authors tell us, will regard it 'not as an epoch, but an episode, and in the main a tragic episode, or Dark Age between two epochs.'

Our two authors set about their task with that affectation of being plain, uninspired, practical people that distinguishes them; the book is written very well, but as if it was well written by accident; and they produce easily and clearly a very complete analysis of the operating weaknesses that from the first have doomed the world of private capitalism.

From the point of view of those who still dream of salvage and reconstruction, the most striking and disturbing part of the book is the treatment of the growth of the spirit of sabotage under an individualistic competitive system. If you are a sound business man, and you cannot run your mine or your factory at a sufficient profit to yourself, or if you can increase profits by limiting output, you lock out your workers and stop production. That is sound business; it is fundamental to the private capitalist system, and it is the very fount and origin of all the sabotage that now spreads throughout the world, not only destroying the present system steadily and surely, but creating a hopeless atmosphere for any comprehensive reconstructive effort.

Here are words that I would have inscribed in large letters, letters of fire, if possible, whenever two or three or more men of affairs are gathered together: they are so true and so essential to all our present problems: —

'We must face the practical certainty that if the transition from Capitalism to Socialism is not intelligently anticipated, planned, and guided by the rulers of the people, the people, when the breaking-strain is reached, will resort to sabotage to force the government to tackle the job of reconstruction; and the danger is that the sabotage may go so far as to make the job impossible.'

And, again: 'If trading without conscience is to be the order of the day, Capitalism need not hope to die quietly in its bed; it will die by violence, and civilization will perish with it from exhaustion,' leaving mankind to starve down to a few hundred million or so, and some centuries of barbarism before a fresh start towards sweetness and light is possible.

And, this being so, what do you personally propose to do about it?

On a Chinese Screen, by W. S. Maugham. London: Heinemann, New York: Doran, 1923.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

In the East, and especially in China, there is a strange thing: there is, among many poets and sages, content. We fear the West frequently mistakes this content for indifference, for lack of enterprise, for some drugged sleep. It is not that. It is that, for these men of the older civilizations, the Golden Age is not of the past or of the future, but of the present. Their serenity springs not from a dulled acquiescence in miserable conditions, but from a power of withdrawal which may be selfish, is often cruel, but, unlike the callous selfishness of the West, does at least give to its possessor harmony and spiritual peace. The Chinese are, in a sense, non-Christian Quakers — their poets and sages are so independent of actuality, so profoundly convinced that three quarters of what we think important does not matter, that they sit, calm as their own Buddhas, above the turmoil of a world of illusion, disappointment, and decay.

Some of this Mr. Maugham paints on his screen. He shows us much activity — the hearty energy of bankers and merchants; the trivial self-importance of consuls, soldiers, and officials; the dull monotony of the laboring men and women; the persistent, often hideously mistaken, enterprises of missionaries; the great movements of nature in that huge land whose geography is as startling as its history. But above all these we see the ancient, noble spirit of that great people who, before there were religious orders in Christendom, learned that activity by itself can be altogether futile, and that being, not action, is the end of the rational man.

That conviction is not always held easily, and is never held lightly; and its apprehension has not been made easier, except to haughty souls, by the incursions into ancient China of the vehement missionaries of action from Europe and America. Mr. Maugham is severe with most of the foreigners in China, except such as share the spirit of contemplation — Catholic missionaries, nuns, and a few scholars. That he is hardest on the Americans, especially the American Protestant missionary, need not give the English any satisfaction; it probably means that our cousins are more in evidence, not that we are less mischievous than they.

Throughout the book we get an extraordinary picture of the loneliness of the average European resident. Men live in China, trade with Chinamen, see hardly anyone but Chinamen for years, and never learn more of the language than is needed to order food or drink, and curse their

servants. This practice contrasts violently with that of early mediæval travelers, or with that of the great Jesuit and Dominican missions; then a missionary's first business was to make his faith intelligible and acceptable to the people, whose habits he adopted, and whose manner he respected. Now the Protestant missionaries, at least, appear to be concerned first with a futile effort to Westernize the Chinamen and give to them a civilization infinitely cheaper, more vulgar, and less rational than theirs. Mr. Maugham tells of houses in which you will see nothing which you could not find in a middle-class home in Kidderminster, or of apartments which simulate, with a depressing success, the most tedious taste of Kensington. His satire at the expense of the cultured official is quite as severe as his strictures on the ignorant and uncultivated. Men and women, with the opportunity of studying one of the most beautiful traditions in the world, spend bored months in an industrious effort to reproduce the conditions of Hammer-smith or Brooklyn, of Mayfair or Fifth Avenue.



BOOKS ANNOUNCED

BROWN, HORATIO (Editor). *Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds*. London: John Murray. A number of these letters were originally addressed to the editor of this collection.

CAPART, JEAN. *Egyptian Art: Introductory Studies*. London: Allen and Unwin. A translation of *Leçons sur l'art égyptien*, with a frontispiece portrait of Tutankhamen as the god Amen.

NORTON, H. K. *The Far Eastern Republic of Siberia*. London: George Allen and Unwin. Issued in February and not yet reviewed. Gives an account of the events of the last four years.

PONSONBY, ARTHUR. *English Diaries*. London: Methuen. To appear during the spring. A survey of several private diaries, not yet published, and of other journals, both unfamiliar and famous, ranging from Tudor times to date.

SHANKS, EDWARD. *First Essays on Literature*. London: Collins. A collection of eighteen essays by the assistant editor of the *London Mercury*. Critical studies of contemporary authors and analyses of the recent history of the English novel and drama.

STROBEL, HEINRICH. *The German Revolution*. London: Jarrolds. Brought up to date and equipped with a special chapter for the English edition. Author is a leader writer on the Social-Democratic *Vorwärts* and a Landtag deputy.